

L. L. Amrook

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

NEWSPAPER

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"THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END!"

EVERY one has a weird belief in the world's coming to an end. Some give this a distinct period, and accordingly mount upon their housetops, and in white flowing garments wait, till their patience is utterly exhausted, for the coming of the awful moment. There is an apparent ludicrousness in the good faith and attitude of these individuals, and perhaps some inconsistency in their choice of white habiliments and lofty positions with any absolute faith in their future angelic proportions—the necessity of clothing, or in the relative nearness to heaven, whether astride the ridge-pole, or calmly seated in their armchairs, or reclining in their beds.

But the end of all things mundane is not only shadowed forth in Holy Writ, and prophesied by writers, from the earliest times down to Dr. Cummings, and Bishop Snow in the lecture announcements of the Saturday's *Herald*—it exists in the fears of political economists. True, their faith or fears do not necessarily involve any actual destruction of the Earth, "when the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but they foresee a period when it shall become exhausted, and be incapable of supporting a population

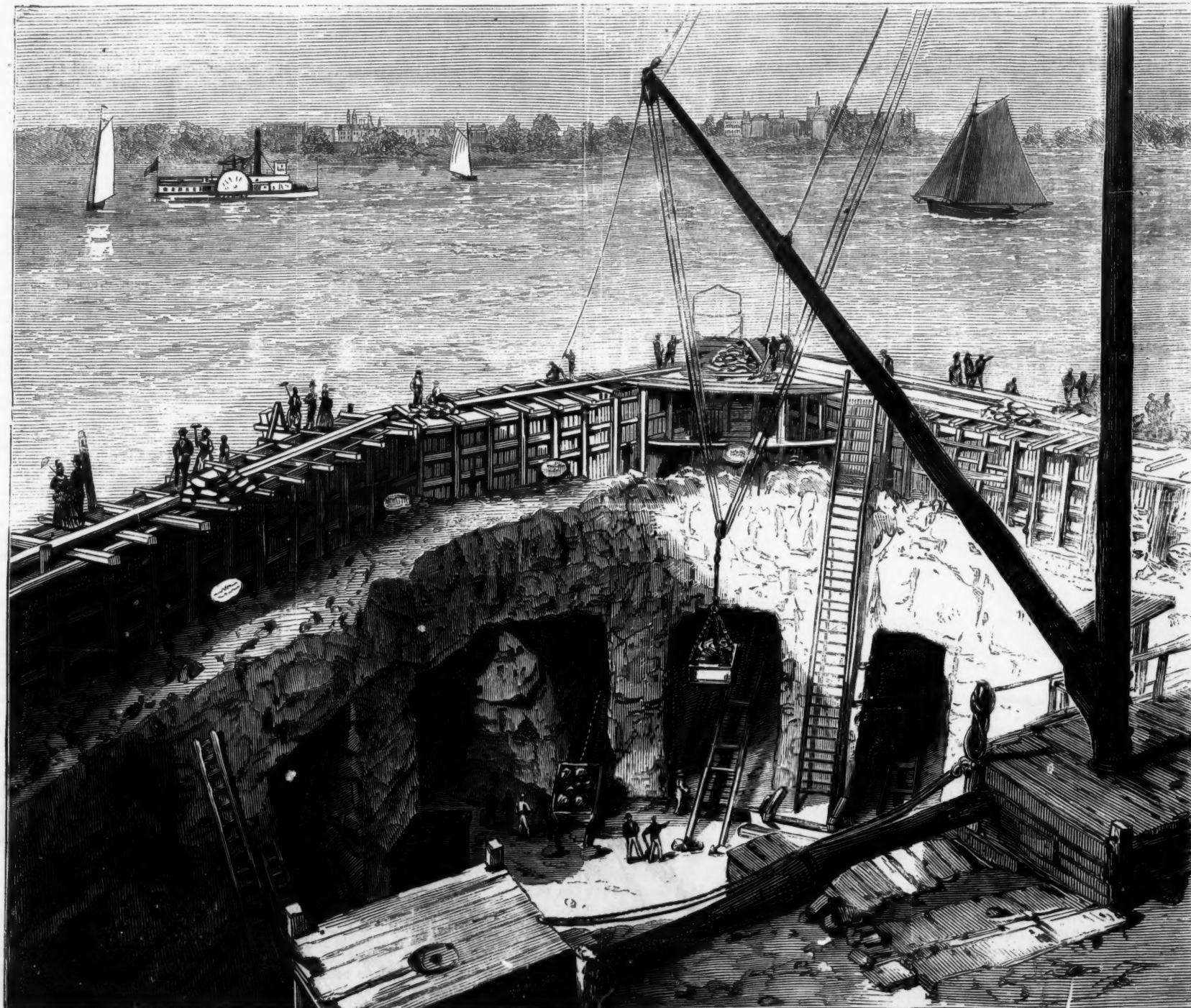
of human beings upon it. England is becoming fearful at the prospective exhaustion of its coal-lands, and the time for this fundamental element of Britain's grandeur is limited in its nearest date at something like eighty thousand years.

A similar exhaustion must necessarily happen to the rest of the world, and the end foretold is the destruction of everything as a natural result—forgetting that before the discovery of coal the world went on for many centuries of animal and human life, and oblivious of the fact that with advancing civilization new means of obtaining caloric may be discovered, by utilizing the gases of the air or the water, or by taming electricity to still further uses.

But the great scientists of the day have grander methods by which to finish up humanity, and thus practically to bring the world to an end. Proctor, in his great work on "The Sun," says the earth's velocity, as she travels around the Sun, is now 18.2 miles per second; but that if by any accident—and accidents are reported to sometimes occur even among the best—she should happen to get a-going a little too fast (say 25.7 miles a second), she would no longer be controlled by the Sun, but would go on a straight line into space, "further and further away from the light and life of the planetary scheme. From Mars



EXCAVATIONS AT HALLETT'S POINT.—TRANSVERSE AVENUE OPENED THROUGH THE ROCK.—SEE PAGE 23.



NEW YORK.—REMOVAL OF THE OBSTRUCTIONS AT HELL GATE—COFFER-DAM, AND ENTRANCES TO THE AVENUES NOW EXCAVATING THROUGH THE SOLID ROCK AT HALLETT'S POINT.—SEE PAGE 23.

and Jupiter, and perchance from Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, the unhappy career of the Earth might be traced for many a long year : though years—at least terrestrial ones—would then be no more. But long before the Earth crossed the confines of those distant regions along which the outer planets pursue their career, all the higher forms of life would have vanished from her surface. She would still rotate; day and night would still succeed each other on her surface; but the orderly sequence of the seasons would be replaced by the continual diminution of solar light and heat, until a cold more intense than that of the bitterest Arctic Winter hid the world in everlasting frost."

But the political economists already referred to are surpassed in their fearful predictions, and in their own style of thought, by the men of mind. The destruction of the coal-beds of the world is a trifle to the using up of the great reservoirs of material from whence the Sun creates its heat. Whether this comes from the chemical results of the shrinking of the Sun's surface, or from a failure in the supply of meteoric matter for its absorption, or from the same exhaustion of the heat-creating material in the substance of the Sun proper, it matters little. Suffice it, that the Sun's potentiality, its creative, vivifying, developing, ruling qualities, will see the day when they are used up, and then we worldlings will necessarily follow into the same melancholy situation.

We have only one solace, indeed, but that will enable us as individuals to bear this affliction with some equanimity—viz., that this utter impoverishment cannot occur, according to any calculation, for some millions of years. Meantime, Proctor recommends a studious economy of sunbeams, with the same urgency that the economist of England advises care and a wise thoughtfulness in the use of coal, so as to avoid any waste.

Cucumbers are said to be the most convenient method of catching sunbeams, but the especial way is not indicated, except, as the Sun is the source of all power, the author of winds and rains, that these now almost wasted energies be utilized. Not a breath of air is to blow in vain. It is to do something—blow some ship to its destination—turn a mill and set machinery in motion. The momentum of every drop of water is to be harnessed somehow, so as to thus save the immense solar energy which has turned that drop of water into vapor, raised it to the clouds, carried it hither and thither, and in falling, wastes in gravitating power a force that might be beneficially employed!

We started with the Millerite, and stop with the Protoplasmic scientist. Is method akin to folly—is science allied to nonsense? Can we say to both, in the words of Brutus, "Much learning hath made thee mad?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

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NOTICE.

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its colleagues by about 3 to 1, its superiority in delineating home-news is quite immeasurable, or say 100 to 0. It illustrates every week about ten times as many items of news as any American journal. In the proper business of an ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER it is absolutely without competitor.

THE BUBBLE OF LIFE.

IS THERE a greater myth than human greatness? Is not all that is real to it, something else—something entirely wanting in any individuality?

Let us look at that form which we see evinced in the so-called inventions; and for instances, some quite within our own observation. And the first illustration shall be the sewing-machines, whose beneficent influence upon labor, by the emancipation of half the race from a drudgery of life unequalled by any parallel toil, has accomplished one of the greatest goods ever achieved. It is generally supposed that Howe was the original inventor, even while it is conceded that it had been long striven for by many. The credit of the idea—and that is the great thing in all inventions—no one claims for him. In point of fact, at the time he first brought out his crude and imperfect idea, half-a-dozen others had equally immature machines, no one of which could have ever been of practical utility. Howe's original machine was never a practical one, while Singer, and more particularly Wilson (of Wheeler & Wilson), first made the thing practical—Wilson was the inventor in reality. But there were litigation and legal contests, and the result of a compromise was that Howe should have the glory—which he wanted—and Singer, Wilson and others the money.

But co-existent with all these were other inventors, that have scarcely ever been heard of. There was a genius who made a machine in South Carolina. The French claim the invention for one of their countrymen. In fact, there were a dozen co-equal, co-existent inventors.

As another instance, let us look at ship-building. A great improvement—perhaps the greatest ever made in that business—is the prior construction of a perfect model, on a small scale, of the intended vessel—which only required multiplication to be the real big ship. This idea was first made practically efficient—indeed, the supposed earliest idea of this great plan came to our late eminent citizen, Isaac Webb (dead for a quarter of a century, and the father of a great son, William H. Webb). His original model was partially burnt in a great fire, many years ago; but in the New York Historical Society Library you may find a model, which came from Maine, which claims a Maine Yankee for its originator, of almost the same date.

No European will allow that Morse discovered the telegraph, for each state has its inventor all proven.

Several nations claim the great discovery of printing.

And the great talk of the last year, the needle-gun, which was to revolutionize war—the French gun of the same character, the chassepot, was superior to it, and we Yankees have two, if not three, on the same principle, that beat both. Where is the glory?

The truth of the matter is just this: the mental forces of the world do not differ materially from the physical forces of the world. Certain results are the necessary product of certain causes. Crystallization is the necessary result of a thorough saturation with the material employed—if syrup, then sugar is the crystal; ocean-water, salt; and so with iron, copper, gold, the diamond: and when it comes to mentality, the thought of the age is precipitated into a crystallized truth, and we call it an invention, and it is simply because the mental world is supercharged with this or that idea, that we find finally evolved from this uncertain chaos a grand luminous idea—an invention, thought has at last crystallized out of the hyper-saturated intellect of an ever-progressive world.

"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the earth. And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."

How like a Godlike creation seems a grand invention! Something from nothing—order from chaos!

And yet these grand inventors! A half-dozen to each invention, and the glory all given to one who chanced to live in a certain locality, with friends, with influence, with a country avid of glory, eager to assert his claims—or impeccunious, with none to be interested; in neglect and despair.

And then to think of it—what glory really belongs to him? If he had not discovered it, some one else would. In the providence of God, this grand intelligence was to come into and benefit the world. He was chosen as the means. As well might the first sparrow imported to this country claim to represent the great idea of worm-destruction and the abolition of cobwebs which formerly hung dependent from every park-tree. Was there any spe-

cial grace in that individual first sparrow? Was he not, in fact, a personal accident? Had he not come, would not another have been caged up and sent hither? Then why should he glory? Why Dahlgren or Ericsson, Howe or Wilson?

A fork is nothing but a spoon with slits cut in it. The inventor was the spoonmaker, and he only desired a substitute, smaller and handier than the palm of his hand, or a more commodious clam-shell.

Inventions are progressive, and dependent upon something antecedent. Every great writer is but an improver of ideas gone before. This beautifully illustrated paper, which we claim has no superior, is only an advance upon the methods of woodcutting, improved printing, finer drawings, etc., than existed before. We only chance to be the exemplars of the advance of the age in this direction, although we may chuckle to ourselves no little on surpassing every one else in producing a paper which is the sample of the age.

Even to-day a question is raised whether Scott's works will be known—except to scholars—a century hence. He, the wonder of Christendom, who has touched the heart of humanity, more delicately, more beautifully than ever before; and after a half-century only from the date of his literary advent comes this query!

Is not the hand bigger than the mountain or the moon that it hides, and a mote in the eye more important than either? Is not a live ass better than a dead lion? Andrew Johnson than Washington or Lincoln? or to-day worth more than yesterday? If thus unsatisfactory is the fame hoped for by the living, how far less is that posthumous renown so ardently coveted. *Eheu fugaces!* how less than a shadow it is, not a trace of which remains. What remains of Cambyses or the Pharaohs? even of Alexander or the great Charles V.? And if so small a trace of these men of mammoth parts, what can we think of the myriads equally solicitous for immortality, whose names even are unknown?

And yet this need not be discouraging to exertion. If one lives with a really higher motive—a desire to do good—to make others happy—he may attain even the bubble fame. The Cooper Union and Astor Library and Stewart's Working-Girls' Home will do more for the lasting glory of these philanthropists than all the rest of their united lives—their piles of money. And thus it is with those who "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

KAISER WILLIAM AND THE BRITISH THRONE.

STRANGE as it may appear to Americans, and even Europeans, it is yet an undeniable fact that the Emperor of Germany has good and sound claims to the throne of the United Kingdom. Of this our readers, if they will follow with attention the explanations and statements we are about to furnish, will be clearly convinced.

There is a good deal of misconception upon this subject all over the world, and we think it worth while setting right the public mind.

The title of the present Royal family to occupy their position dates from the famous Act of Settlement, by which the Hanoverian Succession was secured—an act that settled the Crown of Great Britain upon the descendants of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the youngest daughter of James I., of England.

James II., the grandson of that prince, was driven from his throne; or, according to the political metaphysics of the day, was assumed to have abdicated it, in consequence of his having plotted against the laws and liberties of the kingdom. This folly of his fanaticism excluded not only himself from royal power, but also his later-born children. He and they were incapacitated by a solemn vote of the nobles and representatives of the nation.

These called to the throne William Prince of Orange and his wife, eldest daughter of the dethroned king, thereby departing as little as possible from the regular line of succession; inasmuch as William himself was son to the Princess Mary of England, eldest daughter of Charles I. Failing issue of that marriage, the Princess Anne of England, consort of Prince George of Denmark, succeeded; and, failing her issue, the issue of the Electress Sophia of Hanover succeeded.

Subsequently to that time, the descent has gone on according to the regular line. It was a belief of the late George IV. that he could not in conscience, however in law, have become truly King of England until the line of James II. had become extinct by the death, at Rome, of James Benedict, Cardinal of York, in 1807; he evidently supposing that, on the expiry of that line, he inherited the rights of the Stuarts. This was a gross mistake. Supposing that the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement were, as in the notions of the Jacobites they were, inoperative—supposing that recourse was to have been made to the ancient line, even then would the line of Hanover have no proper title to the Crown.

This is easily shown. The line of James II. having become extinct, we have recourse to that of Charles II. He, however, died childless, and therefore we must go further back. We reach the times of Charles I. Of his three sons—the one (Charles II.) having died childless, the other (afterward James II.) having no descendants living, as before observed—the Duke of Gloucester was the only one whose descendants could have put in a claim; but he, dying unmarried, had no descendants that could have supported such a claim. The eldest daughter of Charles I. was the mother of William III., who also died childless. The second, married to the Duke of Orleans, bore him three children; the eldest, the Duke de Valois, died an infant; the second, a daughter, married Charles II., King of Spain, but died childless; the third and youngest wedded Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia, in the person of whose present representatives centre all the rights of the Stuarts to the Throne.

The title of the present family to the Crown rests upon the Act of Settlement, the compact then entered into with the nation. Little prospect is there that the present race will become extinct; but if ever this should be the case, then, pursuing the strict language of the Act of Settlement, the King of Prussia, Emperor of Germany—he complying with all the requisites demanded by the British Constitution—will be clearly entitled. Entitled he will be, because he would be—the present race governing England set aside—the only representative of the Electress Sophia of Hanover.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK.

PART XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM.

In the year 1859, the Rev. Father Joseph Helmpraecht founded this Asylum for the support and care of destitute and neglected Roman Catholic orphans and half-orphans, especially those of German origin.

The building now occupied by the Society is in East Eighty-ninth street, at the corner of Avenue A. It was erected in 1860. It is eighty feet by forty, and it will accommodate two hundred children.

The income of the Asylum is derived chiefly from donations and subscriptions, but a part is from rents of real estate. The total income for the past year was twenty-eight thousand four hundred dollars, but that includes seven thousand dollars contributed to the Permanent Fund.

No. of inmates at beginning of the year....	196
Of these, there were restored to friends..	33
Indentured.....	5
Sent to other institutions.....	3
Remaining.....	158—196

The Board of Managers consists of fifteen gentlemen, of whom the Rev. Maximilian Limgruber is President; George Hoffman, Vice President; Sebastian Schick, Treasurer; Bernard Amend, Secretary; and Jacob Weiss, Assistant Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF DESTITUTE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

The office of this institution is at No. 25 Chambers Street. The institution itself is at Westchester, where two spacious and magnificent edifices—one for boys, and the other for girls—are erected in the midst of highly cultivated and ornamented grounds, of one hundred and fourteen acres in extent. The ground was purchased for forty thousand dollars. The building for girls cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it will accommodate six hundred children. That for boys cost two hundred thousand dollars, and can accommodate about fifteen hundred children.

The plan, purposes and arrangement of the institution are very similar to those of the New York Juvenile Asylum; but, unlike the Juvenile Asylum, the Protectory, as it is termed, prefers retaining instead of indenturing its beneficiaries; and they accordingly have made provision for various trades on their grounds, with a view to the permanent instruction and training of the children in such industrial occupations as may suit their respective aptitudes and capacities, insuring, however, to each child a perfect knowledge of agricultural pursuits. The present number of boys is something more than eight hundred, and of girls about three hundred.

The Protectory was organized in May, 1863, when a Board of twenty-six Managers was appointed, of whom the late Rev. Doctor Ives—formerly Bishop Ives of the Protestant Episcopal Church—was the first President. Doctor Ives was, in fact, the originator of the institution, and it owes its existence mainly to his exertions.

The present Board of Officers consists of Henry J. Anderson, President; Frederick E. Gilbert, Vice-President; James Lynch, Secretary; Jeremiah Devlin, Treasurer; and seventeen Managers, besides the Mayor, the Recorder, and the Comptroller of the City, Managers ex-officio.

ST. STEPHEN'S HOME.

The St. Stephen's Home was organized in the year 1866, under the immediate charge of

the St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, in East Twenty-eighth Street. The Home consists of three plain frame buildings, Nos. 138, 140, and 142 East Twenty-eighth Street, the lots being, together, seventy-five feet by one hundred, which are owned by the Society.

The beneficiaries of this Home are limited to orphans and half-orphans of both sexes, between the ages of two years and twelve years, in needy or destitute circumstances. Some of them are gathered out of the streets, and some are sent to the Home by the surviving parent or by friends; and, in the latter case, the parent or friend is expected to contribute something toward the support of the child, if possible.

The children are educated in elementary branches; they are fed and clothed, taught in such occupations as befit their condition and capacities, and are afterward placed in situations, or given to persons who will adopt them, under certain rules and restrictions.

The accommodations of the Home are for one hundred and twenty inmates, not quite half of whom are usually boys. The average number of children disposed of by adoption, or by employment in situations, is thirty annually.

The funds of the Home are derived partly from St. Stephen's Church, and partly from private donations.

THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The organization of this Society originated with Miss Anna H. Shotwell and Miss Mary Murray, in the year 1834. The Society was incorporated in 1838. In 1842, the Common Council granted to the Society—which, thitherto, had accommodated its beneficiaries in temporary and inconvenient quarters—twenty-two lots of ground fronting on the Flith Avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, on which a suitable and commodious building was erected.

This building was occupied by the orphans until the Summer of 1863, when a mob, incited by some misapprehension, and more misrepresentation, of the new law for drafting soldiers for the army, commenced their disgraceful destruction and pillage of certain parts of the town. When these yelling and infuriated wretches approached the Asylum, the Superintendent, with astonishing coolness and presence of mind, and seeing that external aid was impossible, called together the terrified children, and led them quickly out into the presence of the mob, who filled the inclosure. At sight of them, the lawless mass swayed back as though impelled by an unseen power, and made way for the long line of two hundred and twenty trembling fugitives. Not a hand was raised to molest them, and, in perfect safety, the children and their guardians reached the Station-house, in Thirty-sixth Street; where, for three days, they were crowded together in the halls and cells of the building, in company with a number of the bleeding and dying ruffians who had forced them to seek such a refuge—those ruffians had been captured by the police from the tumultuous mass of rioters. Meantime, the Asylum was burned by the mob, to the disgrace of the paralyzed city authorities, who, for the moment, were as powerless as the fugitive orphans to resist the outrage.

Subsequently, the present location of the Asylum, in One Hundred and Forty-third Street, near the North River, was purchased; and a building far exceeding the former one in commodiousness and eligibility of site was erected. This, it may be presumed, will be a permanent asylum.

The institution is designed for orphans, but half-orphans are admitted when their parents are able to pay fifty cents a week for their support. The children are maintained and educated until they are twelve years old, when they are indentured. The income of the Asylum is derived from the Common Council, which allows seventy cents each a week for one hundred and eighty children; from the State appropriation, of which the Asylum has its share; from donations, subscriptions, and the pay of half-orphans. The average number of children is about two hundred and sixty.

The officers of the Asylum are: Mrs. Augustas Taber, First Director; Miss Anne H. Shotwell, Second Director; Miss Sarah S. Murray, Secretary; Mrs. Charles Landon, Treasurer; and twenty-four lady Managers. Ten well-known gentlemen act as Advisers. The Surgeons are Doctors James R. Wood and Edward Delafield; and the Physician, William Frottingham.

THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

The locality long known in New York as the Five Points was for many years notorious as a centre of filth, vice, and wretchedness, although it was within almost stone's throw of the City Hall. The erection on an entire block of the building known as the Tombs—of which mention will be made hereafter—materially changed the character of this quarter's surroundings; but its own peculiarities were essentially unaltered until the hands of philanthropy and charity were extended over it.

In the year 1850, the Rev. Lewis Morris Pease was appointed by the New York Annual Conference to establish a mission near the Five Points. He undertook the charge with energy; but, soon finding himself at variance with the

Society which appointed him, he resigned his position and pursued the same object in his own way. His wife united with him in his new enterprise. He hired five houses on his own responsibility, although he had no means of paying the rent, and he soon filled them with the occupants of the dens around him. He provided them with work, he disposed of the products of their labor, he opened schools and conducted religious services, until his health began to yield to his toils.

In 1854, a committee of gentlemen who had seen and aided his good work, took the management of what he had so well prepared. They raised a fund, purchased the lot No. 155 Worth Street, and erected on it a six-story building at a cost of about thirty-six thousand dollars. A bequest from Mr. Sickles enabled them to complete the payment of the entire sum. In 1864, they received a donation of ten thousand dollars, with which they purchased some lots adjoining the house already erected, and they thereon constructed another building.

The chief work of this Mission is with children. The usual number in attendance is about four hundred, nearly half of whom are inmates of the House, and all of whom are gratuitously supplied with food and clothes. Besides the children, the House has always from thirty to forty women under its roof, who are homeless and are seeking places as servants. About six hundred of these are provided for annually.

The whole number received as inmates of the House up to the present time is about twenty-three thousand; the number of temporary lodgings furnished every year is about ninety thousand; and the number of meals furnished daily is more than one thousand.

The House is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and these are received without being solicited.

The Trustees are: Archibald Russell, President; R. B. Lockwood, Secretary; H. M. Camp, Treasurer; George F. Betts, Charles Ely, Frederick G. Foster, Morris K. Jesup, Marshall Lefferts and D. Lydig Suydam.

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

Another inroad on the foulness and vice of this locality was made by the Five Points Mission—established by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the severance of the connection between the Society and the Rev. Mr. Pease, the former selected the Old Brewery as the site of their Mission Building. The Old Brewery had long been the headquarters of the wretches and ruffians who harbored in the Five Points—in itself a very Pandemonium. It was, then, speedily brought to the dust, and in January, 1853, the corner-stone was laid of the present four-story building, which has a front of about one hundred and fifty feet.

This Institution is, in most respects, a counterpart of the Five Points House of Industry. More than eleven hundred homeless and friendless children have by it been provided with permanent homes; and several of those children have become ministers of the Gospel, and are occupying useful and honorable positions. The number of children adopted in the past year is fifteen; comfortable homes were secured for fifty-seven; and one hundred and fifty adults were provided with places as servants. A day-school is added to the institution, which is attended by an average of two hundred children. They are supplied with a meal every day at twelve o'clock.

The officers are: Mrs. Joseph A. Wright, First Director; Mrs. John A. Kennedy, Second Director; Mrs. Thomas A. Lanksford, Third Director; Mrs. William Ryer, Fourth Director; Mrs. William B. Skidmore, Treasurer; Mrs. Stephen Olin, Corresponding Secretary; and Miss Ellen Burling, Recording Secretary. The Managers are selected from thirty of the Methodist Episcopal Churches in New York.

THE HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS.

The field of the operations of this Mission is the Fourth Ward of the city—a region of poverty, vice and degradation. The primary object of the institution is the care of neglected and abused children, whether orphans or not; and also of the children of honest and struggling poverty. Also, the Mission furnishes aid and comfort to the sick; food, shelter and clothes to the destitute; work for those persons who are out of employment; and imparts intellectual, moral and religious instruction to persons who are willing to receive it. Children are admitted between the ages of three years and fifteen years.

The location of this Mission is No. 40 New Bowery, where it now owns six lots of ground, valued at fifty-five thousand dollars, fronting on the New Bowery and extending through to Roosevelt Street. The building, in its various departments, will accommodate one thousand persons. The chapel is fifty feet by eighty, with thirty-five feet ceiling; and it has a basement of thirteen and a half feet ceiling. There are, a Model Hospital for sick children; a Day Nursery, where mothers can leave their babies when they go out to work; and a Laundry, where the same mother can do their own washing, or wash for others. Lodgings are provided for poor girls who are without a friend,

money, work, food and shelter. There is a Home for children until they are provided for by friends or, are sent out to homes by the Mission. There are four school-rooms—each forty-four by twenty-six feet; dining-rooms, work-rooms, offices, baths, etc. Indeed, the buildings are as complete as architectural skill and the combination of all modern improvements can make them; they include adaptation, durability and economy.

The average attendance at the day-schools, from September to April is three hundred and sixty. The total number sent to homes in the country, since the Mission was organized, is six hundred and twenty-six.

The Board of Managers consists of the following gentlemen: J. M. Ward, President; A. S. Hatch, Vice-President; H. Brewster, Secretary; S. T. Howard, Treasurer; W. Sanford, R. R. Graves, J. S. Howell, and William H. Sutton, Superintendant, A. C. Arnold; Matron, Miss A. W. Anderson.

"SAUCE for the goose," etc., is a saying that is getting illustrated in our courts, we hope to the satisfaction of the Women's Rights women, who want all the rights of men without assuming any of their obligations. We have made a wife's property her own absolutely, and left the husband no control over it nor claim on it.

This, it was held by the referee in the recent divorce suit of Gallinger against Gallinger, to relieve the husband from any responsibility for the support of the wife—in fact, that both were on terms of perfect equality—just, we believe, what the strong-minded woman are shrieking for. We congratulate them on this practical recognition of their principles. The decision of the referee, denying alimony to the wife, in the case referred to, was:

"Under the laws of this State a married woman possesses all the rights of a *feme sole*, and all, or practically all, the rights which marriage bestow upon the husband at common law have been annulled by statutory law. The reasons therefore, which formerly existed, and which formed a basis upon which courts compelled a husband to support his wife, no longer exist in fact. It is no longer a legal presumption that the husband is the head of and controls the household. This marriage was consummated since the adoption of the present law; the defendant was possessed of all the property at the time of the marriage. It seems to me, that while the law has abrogated the legal obligations of a wife to her husband, and his control over her, it has left the husband too much at the mercy, will, and caprice of the wife."

THE RETURNS OF THE POPULATION OF THE CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK AFFORD MATERIAL FOR A MOST INTERESTING COMPARISON OF THE RELATIVE INCREASE IN THE CITIES AND LARGE TOWNS WITH THAT OF THE SMALL TOWNS AND AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS. TAKING THE TOWNS AND CITIES WHICH HAVE NOW A POPULATION EXCEEDING 7,500, AND COMPARING THEIR AGGREGATE WITH THAT OF THE REMAINDER OF THE STATE, WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING RESULTS:

POPULATION.	1840.	1850.	1860.	1870.
Urban.....	716,293	1,105,530	1,822,527	2,317,044
Rural.....	1,712,623	1,916,864	2,058,210	2,057,455
Inc. Urban....	464,237	641,995	494,619	
Inc. per cent.	65	54	27	
Inc. Rural....	204,236	141,346	Dec're'd	
Inc. per cent.	12	7	

These figures show that the rural parts of New York are as much at stand-still as the corresponding portions of Virginia, so far as population is concerned.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE HUNDRED STEPS AT VERSAILLES.

The rapid court-martial held in the Riding-School have been emptying the Versailles *Orangerie* of its Communist prisoners; the trial of the leaders is over, and that of the *petroleuses* begun; and the superb staircase of the Hundred Steps is by this time emptied of the throngs of sympathizers who crouched on its marble platforms, waiting for interviews with the captive insurgents. This was the grand staircase which, in the time of Louis XIV., glowed like the hanging gardens of Semiramis with the bright coats of colors and the trains of belles. In his day, instead of the democratic throng depicted by the artist, the Hundred Steps supported Marie-Thérèse, the Queen of the Amazons;" Mlle. de Montpensier, the "Huntress Diana;" Henrietta of England, the "Flora" of the time; Anne of Austria, called "Cybele;" the daughters of the Duke of Orleans, known as the "Three Graces;" Mademoiselle Zephyr, afterward Queen of Spain—and the embroidered and bewigged male deities who whispered soft wickedness into the ears of these goddesses.

THE DUBLIN DISORDERS.

We present, from the pencil of an artist named Loyer, who corresponds with a French illustrated journal, a sketch of the riot of September 3d, which may be a little overcolored, but which gives a graphic idea of the spirit of an Irish mob. The disturbance followed the great amnesty meeting in Phoenix Park, presided over by Mr. Smith, M.P., and was begun by a mob of returning participants in the meeting, who attacked the police patrol. The fight which ensued was very fierce, and fifty constables were injured, and a house at the corner of Queen Street literally demolished. The assailed police were reinforced during the mêlée by a large body of their comrades who had been kept out of sight during the meeting, and many of the rioters were taken prisoners. The number of the police injured comprised six members of the force badly hurt, and eighteen slightly wounded. Twenty-seven of the rioters were arrested. Disorderly persons were in the streets all night singing seditious songs. The police station was smeared with the blood of the wounded.

England.—Frederick Evans, the Shaker Elder—Scottish Festival—Artillery Volunteers at Shoeburyness.

The advent of Shaker Frederick Evans into England, and his recent exposition of the Shaker doctrines, have excited a general British interest about this sect and their opinions. The Shakers, or as they call themselves, the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," are a quiet and unostentatious sect, numbering about 9,000 persons. Like many others, this sect was founded in the Old Country; but the promoters being only seven in number, and finding no chance of peacefully establishing themselves in England, emigrated to America, where they founded a community, and are now one of the most flourishing of the many religious sectarian waifs thus established in the New World. The peculiarity of their doctrines is a belief that the Saviour has already risen again in the person of an English factory-girl named Ann Smith, and that, therefore, there will be no other resurrection. They enforce celibacy, and hold that every man should labor and divide his earnings with the community. In fact, their ideas are wholly Communistic—i.e., an equal division of labor and property. At Mount Lebanon, indeed, Elder Evans is head and chief, and here our illustration represents Elder Frederick Evans at home—that is, in the Meeting House, where the artist sketched him while explaining to his disciples the mysteries of the "Resurrectionist Doctrine." The sketch, taken in Mount Lebanon, well portrays the costume of the community.

The national Scottish *feête*, held at Sydenham Palace, near London, on the Scott centenary, August 15th, introduced some North Briton features which were novel to most in the Cockney audience. There was a strange melancholy "competition of pipers," sounding as if all the Tom Cats north of the Tweed had come down to the taking of London or the celebration of Whittington's pussy's memory. Afterward, on the cricket-ground, there was racing, then other games, in the course of which Dinnie, the Highland champion, threw the hammer 125 feet. The dancing, which we illustrate, was very picturesque, excellent of its kind, and "infinitely the best display ever seen in England."

In the out-of-the-way battery at Shoeburyness, England, the artist has found material for a graphic sketch. Admitted to the battery, he discovered the volunteer detachment about to fire at the Running Target. "I thought" (he writes) "that I wouldn't be one of the fellows dragging the target for something, but I knew little of the prowess of volunteers. 'Commence!' shouted a hoarse voice. 'Fire!' bawled No. 1. Then a bang! and a suffocation of primrose-colored smoke." The shot alarmed the sea-gulls, and threw up a fountain of sand just beside the target. "That's the lubricator!" said every one, alluding to the foul prim-rosiness of the smoke."

DRUIDICAL REMAINS NEAR BILBOA, SPAIN.

In the province of Biscay, some five-and-twenty miles from Bilboa, exists a place called Jemelin or Xemeini—for Spaniards pronounce these initial letters alike, with a guttural sound, like our H. In its area rise five hermitages, and amid them stands one of the most ancient religious structures in Spain. This is an example of the old Druidical relics known as Peulvans, Menhirs or Kromlechs, of which Stonehenge is the most extensive. The first envoys of Christianity found this spot enshrined in the hearts of the people, and merely adapted it to the new creed. The respect entertained for the ancient monument by the populace induced them to incase it in the hermitage of San Miguel de Arrechinaga, or St. Michael of the Stone—*arrí* meaning, in Basque, stone. A statue of the angel was, doubtless, set up on the Druidical relic in early times, and as the devotion of the people continued, the present structure was erected, the Druids of old thus building part of a Christian temple.

EXCAVATIONS AT ROME.

The frescoes found in the house of the Empress Livia, in excavating the Palatine Mount, in Rome, are thought superior to any discovered at Pompeii. They are painted on the walls in di-tempo. Three large and two smaller compositions have been discovered, and careful copies painted and sent to Paris. One is the fabulous subject of Galatea, whose amours with the giant Polyphemus have been so often portrayed in poetry and art. Another represents a street-scene in ancient Rome—highly interesting, as showing the veritable architecture of the old city in many of its details. A lady, fancifully called Claudia, is leaving her gateway. A third shows a sacrifice: a young slave, apparently of African race, bears on his shoulders a kid destined for immolation. A female servant pours water from an amphora. A sitting matron, covered with the folds of an ample peplos, which seems to be a sacrificial vestment, and holding in her hand the symbolic lotus-leaf, watches these preparations.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

M. CAPOUL, the French tenor, arrived last Thursday.

THE Vienna Lady Orchestra made their first appearance on Monday at Steinway Hall.

M. WACHTEL, the great tenor from Hamburg, arrived last week.

ON Monday, Lotta gave, at Booth's, "The Pet of the Petticoats" and "Family Jars."

"DIVORCE," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was produced last week with every augury of success.

GEORGE DOLBY, formerly Mr. Dickens's agent, is in this city as impresario for the Santley troupe.

THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, had a grand opening on Monday night, with a miscellaneous company.

EMMET, at Niblo's, has been "cutting his asparagus in the Dutch style," under the pseudonym of "Fritz."

Fox has been overwhelmed with visitors at the Olympic, where his pantomime of "Hump'ly Dumpty" continues to have a "success of enthusiasm."

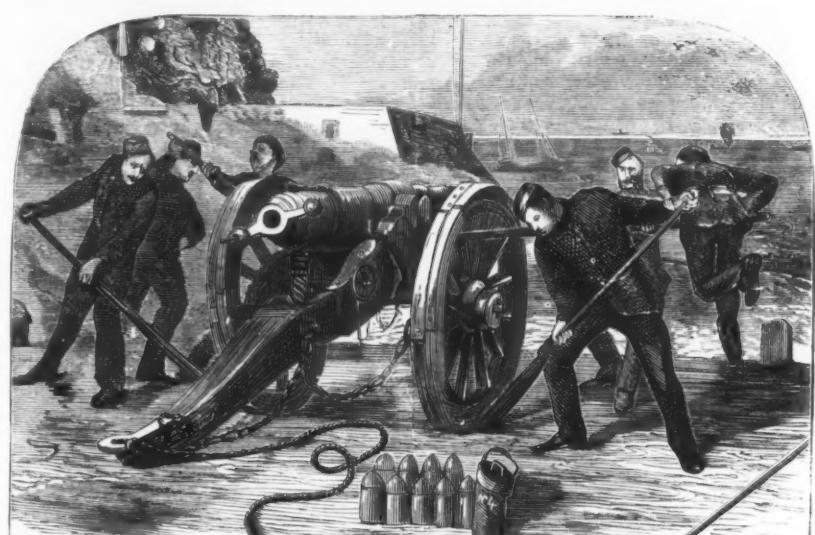
LYDIA THOMPSON produced "The Princess of Trebizond" at Wallack's, last Monday night, in English. The original French version has never been heard here.

ON Saturday, at the Grand Opera House, Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann gave their last performances of "Jasper and Rosa Budd," in De Leon's play of "Jasper; or, The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The continuation is a poor affair, far inferior to the admirable novel on the same subject just given in these pages. On Monday the same capital actors reappeared in "Narcissus."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



FRANCE.—FRIENDS OF THE COMMUNIST PRISONERS IN THE ORANGERIE AT VERSAILLES, WAITING ON THE "HUNDRED STEPS" FOR AN INTERVIEW.



ENGLAND.—FIRST SHOT AT THE RUNNING-TARGET, AT THE SHOEBURYNESS BATTERY.



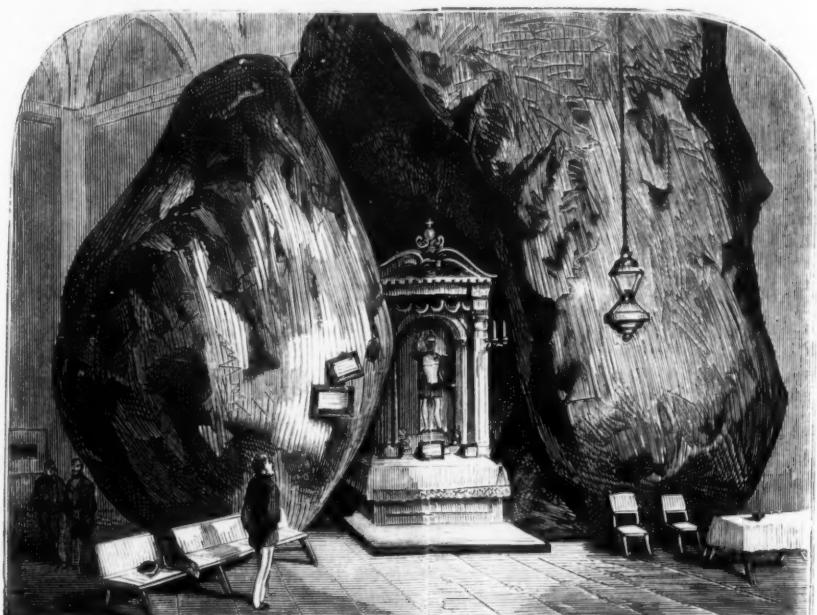
IRELAND.—SCENE AT THE MEETING OF FENIAN SYMPATHIZERS AT PHÉNIX PARK, DUBLIN.



FREDERICK EVANS, THE SHAKER ELDER NOW SEEKING CONVERTS IN ENGLAND, AS HE APPEARS AT HOME AMONG HIS DISCIPLES.



ENGLAND.—NATIONAL SCOTTISH FESTIVAL AT SYDENHAM PALACE DURING THE SCOTT CENTENARY—DANCING THE REEL.



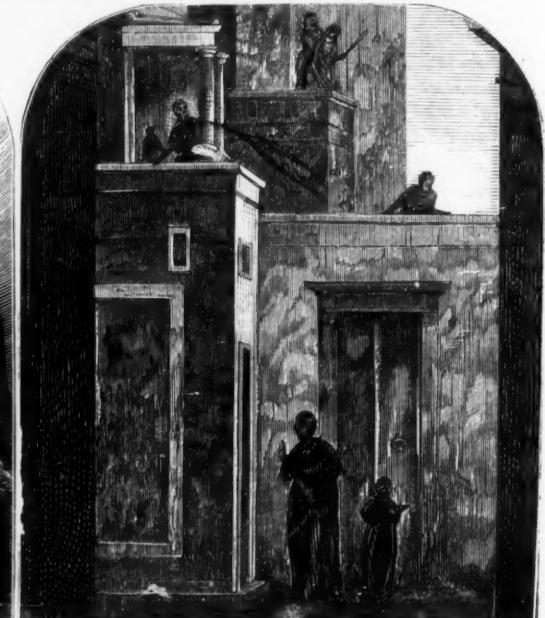
SPAIN.—MEGALITHIC MONUMENTS, OF THE AGE OF THE DRUIDS, INCLOSED IN THE CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL DE ARRECHINAGA, NEAR BILBOA.



GALATEA.

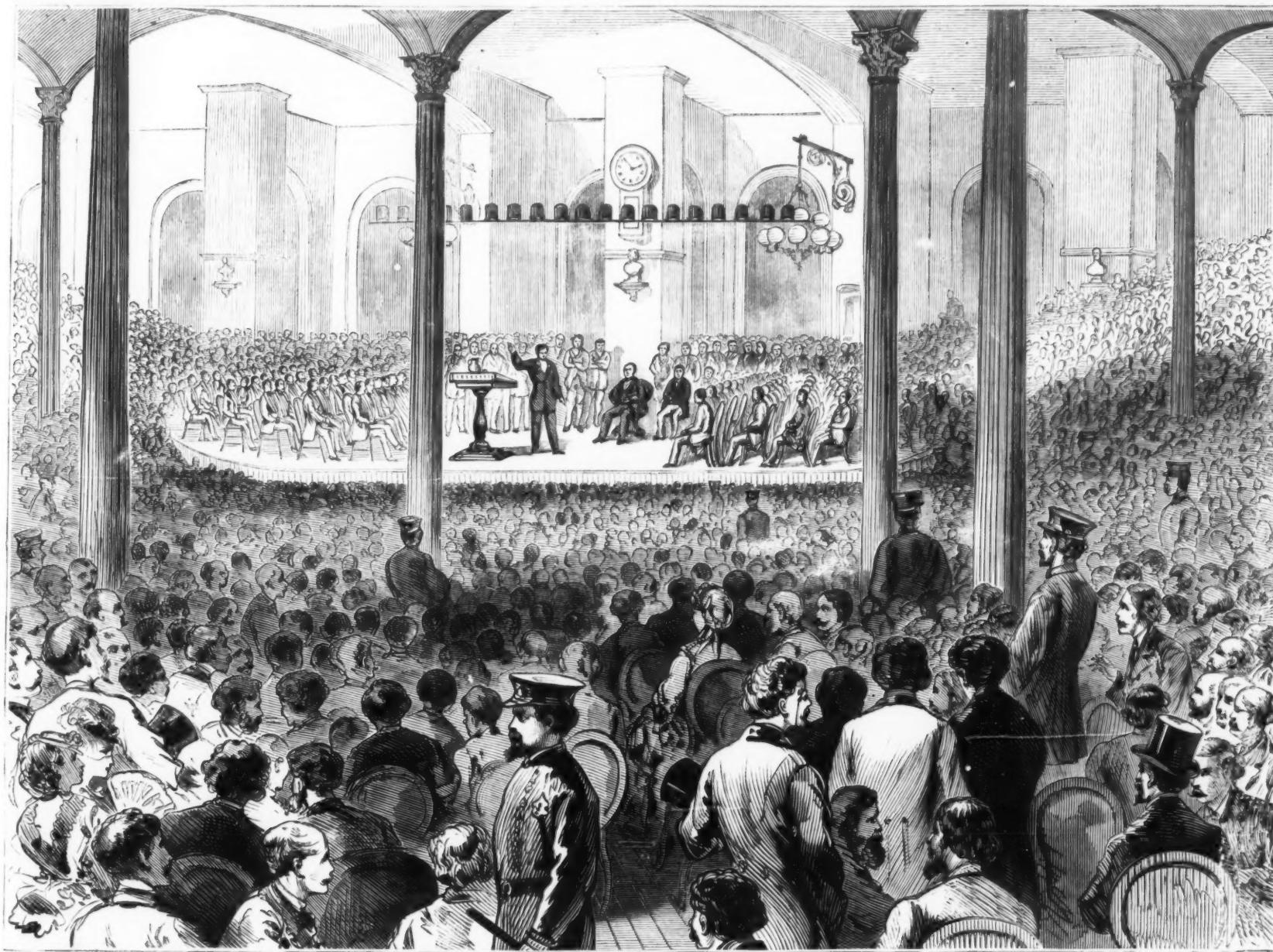


SACRIFICIAL SCENE.



CLAUDIA.

NEW EXCAVATIONS IN MOUNT PALATINE, ROME.—FRESCOES UNCOVERED IN THE PALACE OF THE EMPRESS LIVIA.



NEW YORK CITY.—MASS MEETING AT COOPER UNION, SEPTEMBER 4TH, TO CONSIDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE CITY FINANCES.

THE NEW YORK MASS MEETING.

The mass meeting of citizens and taxpayers, irrespective of party, which was held last week at the Cooper Union, to consider the alleged frauds in the financial administration of this city and county, was everything that the most ardent friends of the movement could desire in point of numbers and spirit. The hall was densely packed in every part, and a great multitude—probably thousands—were turned away from the doors, utterly unable to get in. Captain Byrne, of the Mercer Street Police Station, was in attendance, with a force of several hundred policemen, to preserve order. These were stationed in all the aisles, in the corridors, on the platform, and surrounding the building, so that any disturbance of the meeting, even had it been meditated, would have been wholly impossible.

The platform was crowded with those specially invited to be present, which included, of course, the Committee of Arrangements, those who had been selected by the Committee for officers, those selected to serve on the Committee on Resolutions, those who were to address the meeting, Mr. George Jones of the *New York Times*, the Hon. Henry Clews, the Rev. Dr. Prime, and very many others. The meeting was called to order promptly at 8 o'clock by Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who nominated ex-Mayor William F. Havemeyer for Chairman.

Among the addresses, those of Mr. Havemeyer, Judge Emott, and Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer were noticeable. The last was one of the most important. It might be called the frank, sincere, and deliberate declaration of war by an able representative of the German Democrats against municipal corruption. A large meeting was organized outside, among those unable to obtain admission to the Hall.

The most important action following the mass meeting has been the injunction granted on Thursday of last week, by Judge George G. Barnard, in Supreme Court Chambers, at the suit of John Foley, as a taxpayer, against the Board of Supervisors of the County of New York, the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New York. The order was applied for on a complaint sworn to by Mr. Foley, in which he set forth on oath certain frauds and irregularities on the part of the city officials in dealing with the finances of the city, and asked that the defendants be restrained from raising or collecting taxes on estates real and personal in the city of New York, to any amount or for any purpose, except as shall be fixed and directed to be raised by the Board of Apportionment in accordance with the Act of April 19th, 1871.

The Judge's prompt acceptance of the situation was rather unexpected. Judge Pierrepont, however, assured the audience at the meeting last Monday week that, to his own knowledge, the judiciary of this city would be

swift to aid in the recovery by legal process of the money fraudulently drawn from the City Treasury, and assurances to the same effect have been privately made in other quarters. But the rapidity with which proceedings have been entered has taken the public by surprise. An early and complete sifting of the lavish city expenditures may be therefore expected.

ROBERT COLLYER.

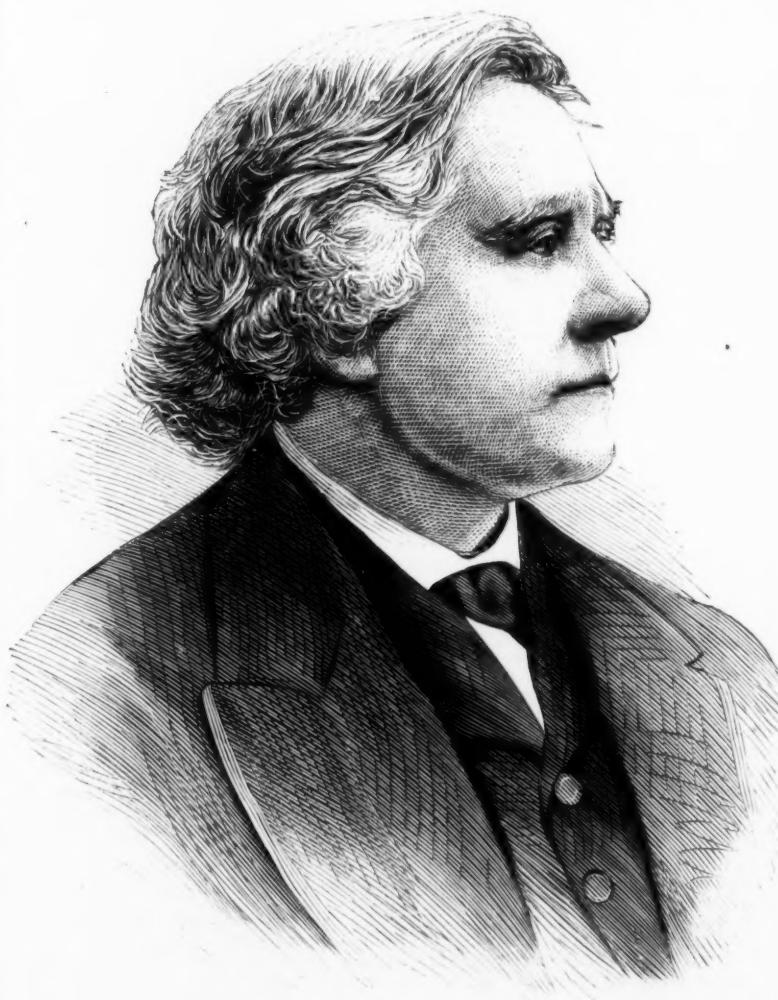
It is singular that the great opponent of theatres, who waged a bloody and effectual war against Wycherly and Vanbrugh—and the principal modern pulpit-defender of theatres—should both have borne the family name of Collyer.

In 1850 there emigrated to this country, as a Methodist exhorter, the subject of this portrait. Like many among the Wesleyans, he combined a worldly trade with his spiritual profession, and labored hard at the anvil on week-days. His first location was at Shoemakertown, in Pennsylvania, where he was permitted to act as "local preacher." This position he held for ten years, and his salary was certainly not such as to lead to any worldly competition for the place. It amounted, according to himself, to "one almanac, various little household necessaries, and ten dollars in money." No wonder Mr. Collyer's biographer says it was usual for licensed exhorters "to find themselves."

But during all these years of hard muscular work of the anvil this embryo orator had been schooling himself. His *alma mater* was his room at night and all the good books he could find.

He seemed not to have been particular enough in the volumes he perused. His orthodoxy became tainted. The Methodist rejected him as much as anything for the company he kept. For, says his biographer :

"During the last years of his blacksmith life he became acquainted with the *mildly* Quakeress Lucretia Mott, and the well-known philanthropist Dr. Furness, whose views he found to be more in harmony with his own; and having accepted a generous invitation of the latter to preach in his pulpit, Mr. Collyer was, in January, 1859, brought up for heresy by the conference, and refused a renewal of his license as a preacher on the following grounds: That he could not believe in eternal punishment, nor in total human depravity, nor in the damnation of a good man because he does not believe in the Trinity. In February of the same year, the Chicago ministry at large being in need of an earnest and unsectarian worker, he was recommended to the place in a noble letter from Dr. Furness, the Unitarian pulpit of that city being then vacant. Mr. Collyer was invited to supply it the first Sunday after his arrival. The writer of this sketch was one of the happy few who heard from his lips that day the first of those tender and touching discourses which, with his subsequent labors for his fellow-men, stamp him to-day as the foremost man of the Unitarian denomination. Never shall I forget the impression, the magnetism, if I may be allowed the word, of this plain man's presence upon the minds of a few earnest men and women who, for the first time in their lives, heard a sermon free from all abstractions, charged with homely, practical wisdom, abounding in genuine poetry, full of tender human sympathy, and containing, as it seemed to each listener, special words of encouragement for his struggling soul. The church in which he preached being then disturbed by political differences, some thirty or forty of us quietly withdrew and invited Mr. Collyer to become our preacher. From that little seed has ripened an abundant harvest; and the second Unitarian Society with Robert Collyer at its head, has built a magnificent



REV. ROBERT COLLYER, OF CHICAGO.

edice, the largest Protestant Church in the Northwest."

Mr. Colyer has of late been traveling in Europe. Of the unorthodox nature of his opinions upon stage-playing, the following extract from a contribution of his to the *Liberal Christian*—written shortly after Holland, the New York actor, was buried from "the little Church around the Corner"—will give an idea:

"Two things and no third, as far as I can see, Christian men and women, and all that believe in the virtue of fair morals, have got to do—to countenance and patronize what is sound and good in the drama in a very large and human fashion, from the loftiest alto of laughter to the deepest base of tears; from the rule of wholesome and honest plays to the most hellish; and then they must stand shoulder to shoulder, steady and sturdy, against the evil things that are growing upon us, and threaten to swamp this great, good power with their evil fascinations—the lust of the flesh, the pride of the eye, and the pride of life. I proclaim myself, fearlessly and frankly, a Puritan of the Puritans on the line at which the theatre drifts hellward. If those that insist on playing these low and degrading parts die and are to be buried, and you send for me, I cannot refuse to come or to open my church for the poor dust to rest a moment on its way to the grave; but I cannot say such words of hope and cheer as I fain would always say as I stand beside the dead. I can only commit the soul to the infinite mercy with some such feelings as I would commit the sorely diseased to the surgeon. But let the actor give himself to what is good, wholesome, honest and of good report in his calling. I will not ask whether he went here or there to church, or believed in my sect or another. I will be sure that, being a honest, true, kindly man, who wrought out in his life what was good and true, and tried to lead men to virtue by the drama, as the preacher does by the sermon, he stands among the good where he has gone, is included in the universal hope there and then, and he has not to wait until

"On the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God makes himself an awful rose of dawn."

GRACE.

BLUE are her eyes, as tho' the skies
Were ever blue above them;
And dark their full fringed canopies
As though the night fays wove them

Two roses kiss to mold her mouth;
Her ear's a lily blossom;
Her blush as sunrise in the south;
Like drifted snow her bosom.

Her voice is gay, but soft and low,
The sweetest of all trebles—
A silver brook that in its flow
Chimes over pearly pebbles.

A happy heart, a temper bright,
Her radiant smile expresses;
And like a wealth of golden light
Rain down her sunny tresses.

Life's desert clime, whose sands are Time,
Would prove a long oasis,
If 'twere your fate, my friend, to mate
With such a girl as Grace is.

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"Having known me to decline,
On a lower range of feeling, and a narrower heart
than mine."

STILL, before he took the decisive step—before he spoke the words that would have bound him to Maud for ever, to the exclusion of Gertrude from all that nearer and dearer interest in him which he had once hoped she might have, Sir Edward determined to see more plainly how things really were between his cousin and Guy. "I may be mistaken, after all; the fellow is capable of assuming more than he has any right to assume." But though he said this to himself, it was with a very faint flicker of hope that things might be other than they seemed that he walked into his uncle's house one morning. "Before I come out I'll know from her own lips whether or not it's all over," he said to himself; and then he was met and welcomed by his uncle and aunt and Bessie.

"Where is Gertrude?" he asked.

"In the garden, I think," Mrs. Maskleyne said, with a rising color. The man whom she was addressing was the son of her own husband's first love—the son of the woman who had slighted her and tried to make her feel of small account in the family. She remembered that he was these things, as he asked for Gertrude. But for all that vivid remembrance, how heartily she wished that he had asked for Gertrude in that way before the fatal ride home from Haddingham.

"Oh! my girl, my girl!" she thought, as she watched him walk out to join Gertrude; "how will you bear this, and all that is to follow?"

Ten days had passed since the last conversation between these young people. For ten days Gertrude had been engaged to Guy Oliver, and during all that time she had never been enabled to gauge the depth of her misery—to test her powers of endurance, by being given a sight of this "other one," the mere thought of whom quickened all her pulses dangerously. Well might her mother say: "Oh, my girl, my girl!" as she watched the commencement of that trial by fire.

It had been a hard morning for Gertrude. At breakfast her father had spoken sadly and earnestly to her. "It is too late now for me to say all I should have said to you, Gerty, had I known such a step as this was contemplated before it was definitely taken; but now it is definitely taken, and no good, but rather much harm may come of secrecy being observed about it. Guy Oliver is to be your husband; acknowledge him as such; it is his due."

"Papa—" she began, expostulating faintly.

But her voice failed her, and she cried instead. "There is something underhand—something that I don't like about this," her father rejoined; "have you pledged yourself freely and willingly?"

"Freely—yes," she said, hesitatingly.

"But not willingly?"

"Papa, don't talk about it," she said, suddenly, "I suppose girls often feel as I do when they have taken the step I have taken."

"Not if they have taken it freely and gladly; but as you have taken it, and as you mean to abide by it, it will be better for us all that we should be open and honest. I shall not keep the fact of your engagement to Guy Oliver a secret."

"Oh, papa!" she gulped; "oh, papa! not well, as you will. I can bear it." And then she had rushed upstairs, only to be met by a tender mother, who in her heart of hearts was reproaching herself for this dawning wretchedness, on the plea that Guy was her side of the house—was her nephew. "My darling," she said, tenderly, "Aunt Oliver has sent over to beg that you will go there this evening; an architect is coming to plan alterations to-morrow, and they want your opinion; they consider you greatly, Gerty. Oh, my girl, my girl! be comforted." For, as her mother spoke, Gertrude had thrown herself on that kind breast that could never be cold to her, sobbing bitterly.

Then Charlie Roper had come in and been pitifully friendly with her, as if he too—even he!—understood how utterly distasteful it was to her. "I never thought that Guy would be the man," he said. And Gertrude answered: "Charlie, if you'll be generous enough to hold your tongue about 'what you thought,' you'll do me the only kindness you can do me; if other people's thoughts are as wild as my own, they're best buried."

It was when Charlie left her that she got herself out into the garden, where she was presently found by Sir Edward. She had tried to read, and tried to work, and had failed to do either, by reason of that unrest and longing that was impregnating her being now. She was sitting with her hands folded limply in her lap when he came out to her, and she removed them nervously as he approached.

"Gertrude?" he said, "I have come at last, and how long the time that I have staid away appears to me, no one but myself can know; am I welcome now?"

"No," she said, coldly, thinking of Mrs. Vesey; "to welcome you as you would pretend you claim to be welcomed, would be dishonorable to another—however little that other may deserve the consideration." She was thinking solely and wholly of the pretty woman at Haddingham, and he thought all her words had reference to Guy Oliver.

"Now that you have reminded me of that other's claims, I will not forget them again," he said, miserably; but though he said this, he still hoped that she would in some way or other give him to understand that "that other one's" claims might even yet be set aside.

"What a cold, cruel meeting this is, Gerty!" he said, presently, finding that she did not attempt to speak, but just sat still, most indifferent. "What a cold, cruel meeting this is, Gerty!"

"I cannot alter the conditions that make it so."

"You can't alter them?" he questioned, eagerly; "do you mean they are unalterable, because you haven't the power or you haven't the will to alter them? Which is it?"

"I have neither the power nor the will;" and still she was thinking more of the pretty woman at Haddingham than of her own affianced lover. But her thoughts were not clear to Edward Maskleyne, whereas her words were; consequently, he misunderstood her.

"Well, Gerty," he said, "if your heart and judgment alike counsel you to this course, I can't plead and whine for you to change it. But is everything to be altered? In withdrawing what I have prized so highly, do—"

"Your words are an insult, Edward," she said, hotly. "Under these circumstances, how can you dare to tell me that you prize highly what you have no right to assume I ever bestowed upon you?"

"She's defending Mr. Guy Oliver's rights with a vengeance," he thought. "So be it, Gerty," he said, aloud; "but let us be friends still."

And the girl echoed his words despairingly, "So be it," as she rendered her hand up to him at last.

"Will you let me speak of your marriage?" he pleaded; and at first she shook her head, but he went on: "Do, Gerty, let me ask you as a brother—well, that's nonsense, I admit—but as a man to whom your happiness is very dear, in spite of all—do you love this Mr. Oliver?"

"Edward, I am going to marry him!" she cried out, sharply, for she was sorely stung.

"Tell me one thing, at least," he went on, urgently. "Has this been in your mind long?"

"Mas this been the end you have had in view all this time that I have been coming here, day after day?"

She shook her head in mute disavowal.

"Then tell me why this sudden resolve, this horrible change?—for it is horrible that such a change should be effected at all in a nature, like yours, and more especially with such rapidity. Gertrude, let there be no mysteries between us—"

"Oh, how I wish there hadn't been! how I wish there hadn't been!" she broke out, lifting her face, all dimmed with tears, toward his.

And then he remembered Mrs. Vesey, and the rumor he had heard of that ride through Haddingham, and it was borne in upon him that this hateful marriage had in some way or other resulted from the sight of the lovely Brunette, and from the sound that was gradually swelling about her.

"Gertrude, I understand you now; you have not been able to trust me; you have not

been generous to me." He spoke reproachfully, for it did seem to him an unjust thing that Gertrude should have fallen away from him at the first blast of the trumpet of scandal.

"You have not been generous to me," he repeated; and she said:

"Probably Miss Mohan will be more lenient than I am," for, in her misery, poor Gertrude was growing very bitter against all the women who were still free to win him.

"Maud Mohan has one of the noblest, most trusting hearts that ever beat in a woman's breast; but, Gerty, I don't want it to beat for me. You know that well enough. If I had wanted it, I should not have spent so many hours in this dear old garden, where I shall never enter again, now that I know how bitterly the one who made it Paradise to me has deceived me."

"Oh, if she could only have let him know then that it was for him she was sacrificing herself—that it was for the sake of keeping his good name intact in this region, where the star of the Maskleynes seemed to be in the ascendant again—that she was preparing to offer up her happiness! But she could not do it. Some influence clogged her will, and restrained her.

"I am sorry you think so badly of me," was all she could say, and his heart arraigned and condemned her for want of feeling.

"It is no use my staying now," he said. "We are parted with a vengeance. I can't wish you happiness with him—the words would choke me. I can't wish you joy in a union that I look upon as no better than prostitution—"

"Oh, Edward! stop, stop!" She was shuddering, not with fear, but with a quick quiver of passion, that told plainly how his words thrilled her. "Stop, stop! I shall think of you as you are now all my life, and—and—I must marry him now—I must, I must!"

"I am sure my child will do her duty!" Mrs. Maskleyne said, warmly.

"Ah, yes! But there are ways, and ways' of doing one's duty. I wanted her to go and look into the dairy the last time she was here, and she wouldn't. Now, fly-and-by, if she doesn't see to the making up the butter herself, she'll be cheated pounds and pounds every week!"

"We will hope she may be fortunate enough to get an honest dairy-maid!" Mrs. Maskleyne said, sharply. "Gerty has not been brought up to a knowledge of the duties of a farmer's wife; Guy must remember that!"

"Not been brought up to the duties of a farmer's wife? No, nor to any other duties that I can make out, sister Maskleyne!" Mrs. Oliver said, waxing rude as she waxed wroth; "but as she is choosing to be a farmer's wife, she will have to learn a good deal, if she wants to keep things pleasant for Guy!"

"As she is choosing to be a farmer's wife!" Poor Gerty! there was little enough choice in the matter; but it was useless telling the truth to the Oliver family now. It was to be. That fact seemed to be established and accepted. It was to be, and all her own could do for her, poor girl! was to temper the rough blasts that might always be expected to blow from the Olivers to her as much as possible.

"Do try to take a little interest in your future home, my child!" her mother would say to her, tacitly admitting by the speech that it was next to impossible that she should ever take an interest in her future husband.

And Bessie would add, "And do have a nice conservatory built on to the drawing-room, Gerty; it will be such an amusement to you during the long Winter days!"

But Gerty would only respond to these kindly suggestions by a weary smile and a shrug of the shoulders that might mean resignation to the worst dullness that might fell her in the future, or that might mean anything else. They did not dare to analyze her meaning too closely.

Meanwhile, the changes necessary for her reception were being rapidly carried out at Albridge. Her father gave her *carte blanche* to furnish her drawing-room, feeling convinced that the Oliver taste in upholstery would not coincide with Gerty's. And a new garden was laid out, and the croquet-grounds finished off well, and under Mrs. Maskleyne's auspices for Gerty refused to utter an opinion about it, the house generally made to assume a more refined and less commonplace conventional appearance.

"I don't care what it's like!" Gerty said once, when she was driven into saying something. "Nobody that I care for will ever come to see me in it!"

After that her own people let her alone on the subject, deeming that a feeling worded is more intense than when it is only thought of.

Lady Maskleyne had sung a little psalm of thanksgiving all to herself when the news reached her. "It's possible that the girl might have interfered with Maud," he thought, "but now, as Mrs. Oliver, she will be quite out of his way." To her son she only remarked, "that it was a very fitting match;" and as he did not contradict her in so many words, she was fain to rest content under the assumption that he was as well satisfied with the arrangement as she was herself.

He did not contradict her in so many words, but his manner of life was a direct contradiction to his agreeing in her view of the case at this time. He grew moody, restless, liable to sudden changes, from the darkest to the most recklessly lively moods. He kept away from his uncle's house, and when Maud Mohan once laughingly asked him "why he did so," he startled her by answering, "because the devil would give him work to do if he went there now." After this rejoinder he was freed from importunity, on that subject at least. But he was not freed from the hearing of the perpetual speculations Maud indulged in as to what could have induced so charming and intellectual and refined a girl as Gertrude to sacrifice herself in this way.

"I think we ought to give young Mrs. Oliver a wedding-present," Lady Maskleyne said, vivaciously. "What shall it be, Edward?"

"Nothing, with my consent," he said, coldly. "It's a black business, this marriage, in which I will have no part."

"Nonsense; it's a very suitable match," she answers, quickly. Then she added, fearing that Maud would still think he had too tender an interest in "that girl," "your Maskleyne pride makes you blind to the advantages of the match."

"Perhaps your Maskleyne pride will make you blind to all the evil that may come of it," he said, dryly; and Lady Maskleyne felt that silence was the better part just then.

Did they feel that silence was the "better part" when Gertrude's wedding-day dawned? What a bonnie day it was, as far as the elements of wind and weather were concerned! If that saying were true, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," then Gerty ought have been the blithest bride that was ever led to the altar. But, alas! it is no more true than is many another saying that has the power to get itself said, generation after generation, with an air of veracity. Her unhappiness stultified her. She did not faint, or cry, or tremble; but she became perfectly passive; perfectly, thrillingly quiet, with that sad, hopeless sort of quietness that tells a woeful tale to those who are well read in the signs of women's hearts.

All Treverton was there to see the beauty married—the beauty for whom such a different fate had been foretold by the prophets of the neighborhood. The intimacy that had sprung up between Sir Edward and Gerty had been a well-marked, much-commented-on thing. And now it was over, and she was marrying Guy Oliver, and the master of Colton Towers was not even present at the ceremony. There was something dark about it, and Treverton made up its mind to unravel the mystery.

Once, and only once, did her strange quiet give place to an emotion that was unnatural. When the service was over, she stood motionless still before the altar-rails, her head bent down, her eyes fixed on the floor. Guy offered his arm to her, but she did not see, or did not heed the offer; and then her mother went to her, wistfully took her hand, and said :

"It is over, dear!"

"Over!" she sobbed out then, startling them for a moment by the sudden change from inaction to intense excitement. "Am I married?" Then she shuddered and took her husband's arm; and Treverton had a fine field for conjecture and surmise thrown open to it by that brief display of feeling.

She kept up the same horrible calmness during the whole of the rest of the time that she was under the observation of her own family. Up in her own room, when she was changing the bridal for the traveling-dress, both Bessie and her mother tried to get her to speak to them of herself and her own feelings. "My own child, there has been no coercion—you have married Guy of your own free will."

"Yes, of my own free will," she interrupted, "therefore don't let us speak of anything but my dresses, mother dear."

"Gertrude, for heaven's sake don't affect a hardness foreign to your nature."

"Marriage changes most women, mother," she said, huskily. "I shall be no exception to the rule."

Then they bade her good-by weepingly, but she had no tears to shed.

Shall we follow the happy pair to Ryde? No; it is better to leave them for a few days, and glance at the manner in which Sir Edward Maskleyne spent the wedding-day. Maud Mohan was his mother's guest still, and the ponies were quite gentled now; the handsome young host and his fascinating friend had driven many a mile in each other's company of late.

This day he asked her to go out early with him. He wanted to get away out of earshot of the wedding-bells. And Maud fathomed his wishes, and furthered them. They drove for a couple of hours through the keen, fresh October air, and then they pulled up in a sequestered little village that lay buried in woods by the side of a river. Leaving the ponies to eat their midday meal, the good-looking pair strolled out into one of the woods, rich and glowing now with the Autumnal shades. They walked in silence for a while, till a gleam of sunshine down a glade lit the scene up with such rare beauty, that Maud exclaimed :

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

"There is little beauty in anything to me today," he said, in a low voice; "and you know why this is—don't you, Maud?"

"I think I do," she answered, with the color flashing up into her face—"I think I do; and I am sorry, so sorry, for you."

"Still, knowing that you are fully alive to the reason why this is a dark day for me, I am going to ask you to be my wife, Maud. My sweet, prized friend, will you be my salvation?"

For answer, she put her hand in his.

"You are very brave," he said, tenderly—"very brave and noble, for I have loved my cousin desperately." His voice sank to a low, passionate whisper, as he said these words, and Maud winced for a moment.

"You must root it out for your soul's sake now, and I pray that I may help you to do it. It is twelve o'clock, Edward; she is another man's wife now."

"Heaven help her!" he groaned. "Maud, you are my good angel. You only can help me, darling. Bless you for your generosity and trustworthiness—I will be worthy of it; but I loved her as a man only loves once in his life."

It was a strange way to woo her. Howbeit, he won Maud Mohan with no softer words than these. At least they were not false words. She took her stand on this truth, and tried to feel satisfied.

"I have done it, mother," he said, when he went home.

"Done what, dear?"

"Asked Maud Mohan to marry me."

And then his mother rose up, and embraced and blessed him.

"You were always sensible and good," she said, rapturously. "My own boy, I have been so proud of you all your life, but my pride in you this day shines down all that has gone before."

"With you feel sure pride in me, mother, when I tell you that, if Gertrude said to me, 'Come,' I would leave Maud at the very altar, and go to the girl for love of whom and for the loss of whom I have been half mad to-day?"

And Lady Maskleyne had good reason to shudder as she did at those few softly-spoken words.

To be continued.



HELL GATE.

HELL GATE, or Hurl Gate—we adhere to the terse old sailors' designation of the early maps in preference to the euphemism that would bend the name to *Hurl Gatt*, the Dutch for "Whirlpool Passage"—is, as most of our readers know, a narrow, rocky pass in the East River, about seven miles northeast of New York city. In the old Knickerbocker times its raging current was the terror of the skippers and their corpulent craft; of late years, many improvements have been effected

leagues off, besides the twenty or thirty horses which each man has with him, they take scarcely anything except the lassos, lances and boleadoras, which they employ both for procuring the means of existence and for fighting. Only the epicures of the party put under the piece of leather, which serves as a saddle, a few slices of salt meat dried in the sun, which they eat with a mixture of horse and beef fat.

M. Guinnard observed that the stature of the Patagons approached six feet, but their personal type differed little from that of the Pueches. Their bust was long, compared with their height, so that on horseback they looked taller than they really were. Their limbs were well-proportioned; their heads large, almost square, flat on the top of the skull; the forehead, and also the chin, projecting, which, combined with a long, thin nose, gave them a singular profile.

TRADING ON THE PLAINS.

THE barter-system of the Great West, as practiced between "Lo! the poor Indian" and the white trader, is so sordidly mean, so pitifully dishonorable on the part of the latter, that it is hard to speak of it in the half-humorous tone with which it is always described out West. It is of little avail for the poor savage, after a successful hunting-season, to load his pony on his be-plumed war-steed, to deck himself in his smartest rig, and approach the Agency with a light heart and hopes of profit. The white trader meets him with several advantages. In the first place, he is able to prove that Mr. Hiawatha is largely in his debt from his last trade. In the next, there is just at present a drug of peltry and game in the market, and the commodities are worth but half what they would have brought a trifle earlier in the season. In the third place, the trader's horse and mule are loaded with whisky; and whisky—considered as currency—has the magic power of paying for more things, and at a higher rate, than can ever be remembered afterward by the poor red-skinned victim.

It makes a pretty, picturesque scene, to enliven the landscape in the vicinage of some rude Fort of the Far West. The trader, with his long wild hair, his buckskin suit, his ornamented knife, gun, and various barbaric gimcracks and danglers, generally likening him to a hero of our new poet, Joaquin Miller. The Indian, too, is got up for the occasion in his Sunday clothes, and is a mass of beads and broderies. But see the latter one hour after, staggering under the load of spirit he carries, the butt of the rude campaigners around the Fort—befogged, defrauded, and vaguely conscious of the fact—left heavily in debt to the wary trader, and under bonds to repay his obli-



PLAN OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT HALLETT'S POINT.

STRENGTH OF THE PATAGONS.

A FRENCH traveler, M. A. Guinnard, has published an account of what befell him when, in the naughtiness of his heart, he ventured into the wilds of South America. His captivity lasted three years, and is related in his narrative published under the title "Trois Ans d'Esclavage chez les Patagons." The Pueches sold him out of speculation to some eastern Patagors.

Continual opportunities of observing the bodily strength of the Patagons enabled their captive, who witnessed their numerous exercises, to feel assured that it greatly surpasses that of the Europeans. He saw them adroitly seize with the lasso an untamed horse, pull it up suddenly when at full speed, resist unaided the animal's shock simply by leaning in the opposite direction, until it rolled half-strangled on the ground; and their muscles, while performing these feats, were not more apparent than in their normal state. The physical organization of the Indians is much superior to that of civilized men. They bear, with the greatest ease, continued privation and fatigue, during journeys of two or three months, which they perform almost without taking rest, galloping on day and night. When they start on a pillaging expedition four or five hundred

gation at another meeting. See him thus, and you will not be very proud either of our noble aborigine, or of our boasted Caucasian civilization.

MACLISE'S PORTRAIT OF TALLEYRAND—Mr. Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, in a recent number of the *Accademy*, pays the following tribute to MacLise's portrait of that arch diplomatist, Talleyrand: "But one picture here stands out from the rest in mental power and ranks MacLise as a great master of tragic satire. It is that which grimly shows us the senile torpor of Talleyrand, as he sits in after-dinner sleep between the spread board and the fireplace, surveyed from the mantel-shelf by the busts of all the sovereigns he had served. His elbows are on the chair-arms; his hands hang; his knees, fallen open, reveal the waste places of shriveled age; the book he read, as the lone he lived by, has dropped between his feet; his chaplain mask is spread upward as the scalp rests on the cushioned chair-back; the wick gutter in the wasting candle beside him; and his last master claims him now. All he was is gone; and water or fire for the world after him—what care had he? The picture is more than a satire; it might be called a diagram of Damnation: a ghastly historical verdict, which becomes the image of the man for ever. This is one of the few drawings which MacLise has signed with his *nom-de-plume* at full length; and he had reason to be proud of it."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

COUNT DE WALDECK, antiquarian and artist, has survived the Paris troubles, and also his tenth birthday.

At the dedication of the soldiers' monument in Providence, R. I., on the 16th instant, a poem by Helen Sarah Whitman will be read.

SEVEN feminine matriculants were present at the opening of the Syracuse University, on Friday week.

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES, having put up her claim of \$125,000 against New Orleans at auction, it was knocked down at \$39,000.

THE act providing an annuity of £15,000 per annum to Prince Arthur is to take effect from the 1st of May last.

THE REV. MRS. CELIA BURLEIGH has accepted pastoral charge of the Unitarian Church, at Brooklyn, Conn.

A RECENT visitor to Thomas Carlyle's study says that an earthquake might turn it upside down, but could not add to its disarrangement.

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX is the recipient of a monthly pension of \$8, for services rendered in the war of 1812.

DR. KARL MARX, the leading spirit of the International Society, died in London September 5th, in his fifty-third year.

DU CHAILLU is coming back next Winter to write about his discoveries of Finland, Lapland, and Russia.

THE KING of Burmah, to the amazement of the merchants of his kingdom, has bought \$45,000 worth of cotton goods, on three months' credit, for the royal bazaar, and is underselling the ordinary traders.

IT is averred that Victoria has become an absolute miser, and has fears of coming speedily to the almshouse. Her servants' table, it is added, is so miserably spread, that the royal retainers are in danger of starvation.

PRINCE ALEXANDER KARAGEORJEVITCH, who was charged with having participated in the assassination of Prince Michael of Servia, has been tried and acquitted by the High Court of Justice in Pesth, Hungary, whether he had fled after the occurrence of that tragedy. He has now issued a protest.

GENERAL COUNT BISMARCK BOHLEN, nephew of Prince Bismarck and Governor of Alsace, has appointed Colonel M. Richards Muckle, of Philadelphia, agent in the United States to obtain contributions of books toward the re-establishment of the famous Strasbourg Library, which was so nearly destroyed during the late siege of that city.

AMONG the deck passengers in a recent steamer from this city to Savannah, Ga., were a roving band of twenty-one gypsies, men, women and children. The majority of the men are stalwart, and would make good rail splitters. The women are of a dark Indian color. The band have five horses, two colts and two dogs, and will make a journey through the country to Florida, whether they are bound.

THE CASE of a citizen of Dijon, arrested and summarily shot within four hours without any trial whatever, by order of Gambetta, is likely to make very considerable noise. The widow of the victim has petitioned the National Assembly to inquire into the matter, and the evidence produced by her shows a case of heartless and revolting cruelty, which will not add any brilliancy to the character of the ex-Dictator.

ON Saturday week, at seven o'clock, the Versailles Court Martial which had been deliberating with closed doors, pronounced the following verdicts: Ferre and Lullier are sentenced to death; Urbain and Trinet are to be imprisoned for life, with hard labor; Assi, Billioray, Champy, Regere, Grouset, Verdure and Ferrat are to be deported and confined in a fortress; Clement is to be imprisoned for three months; Deschamps and Parent are acquitted.

MRS. VAN HANNOON revived in Montana, the other day, the memories of our Revolutionary dames. Left alone in her cabin, she was startled by the approach of three Cheyennes, and had barely time to bolt the door when the Indians flung themselves against it. Sending her children into the cellar, the heroic young woman seized a revolver and gun, and confronted the Indians at the open window. The redskins were finally driven off, after firing the barn.

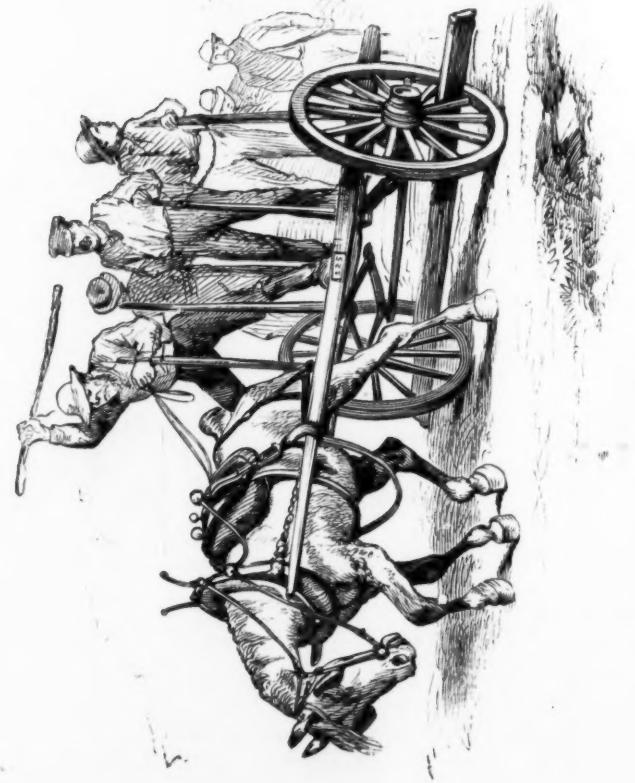
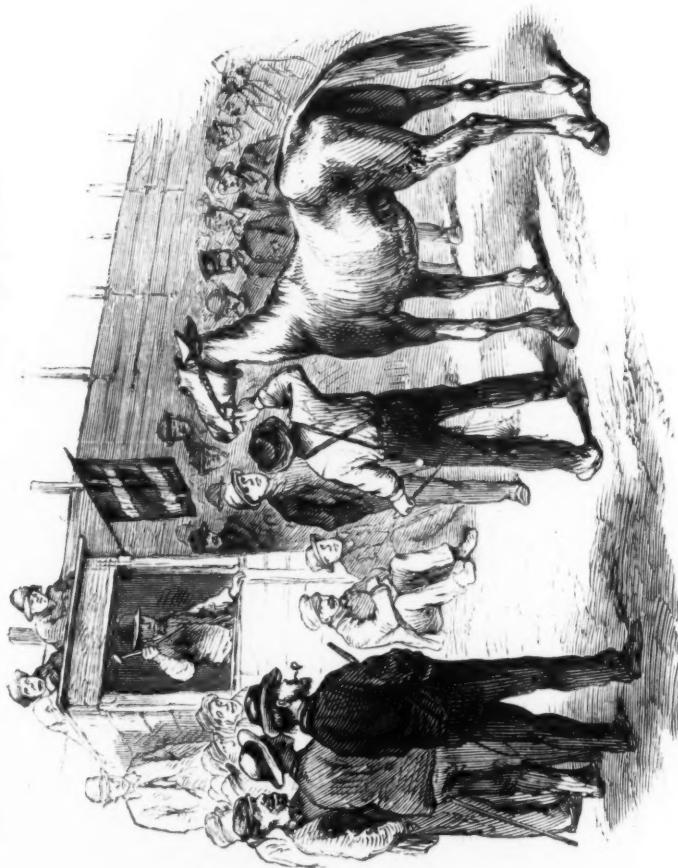
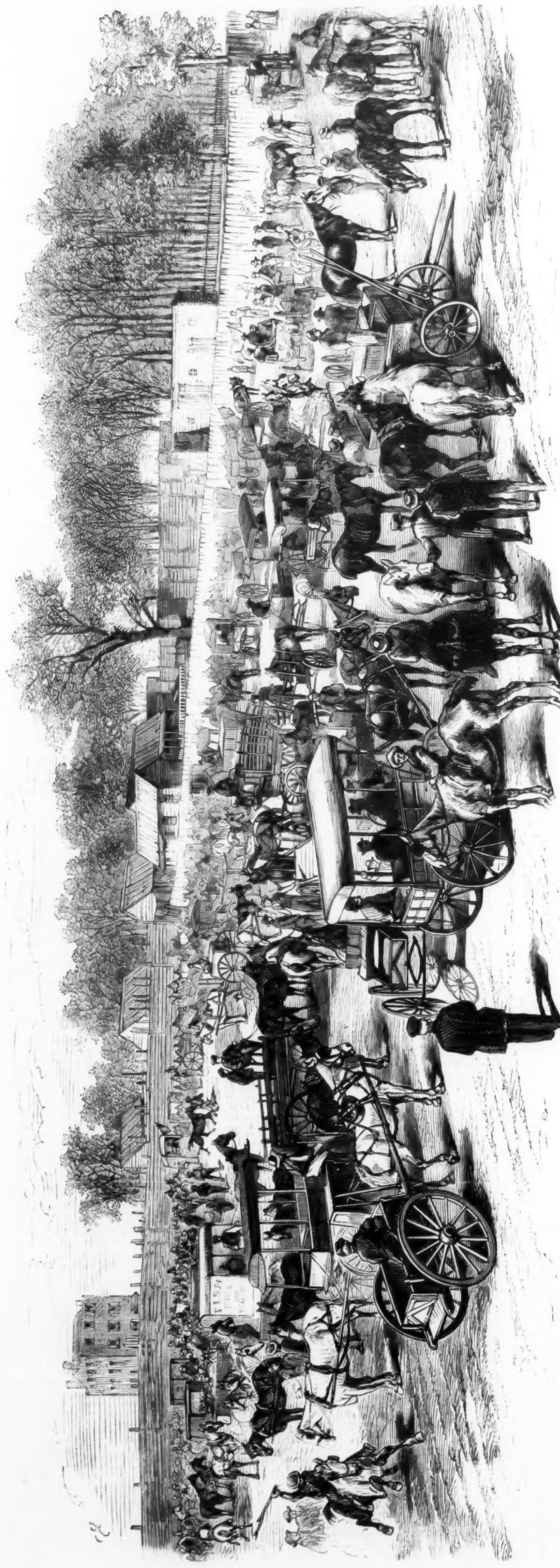
THE STORY is told of Alexandre Dumas, that, being once in Rouen, he was asked what was his profession, to which he replied: "If I were not in the city where Cornelia was born, I would call myself dramatic author." This is said to have suggested to Mlle. Dejazet, who was traveling with him (doubtless to give point to the anecdote), the following still more ludicrous declaration: "If I were not in the city where Joan of Arc was burned, I would call myself—pucelle."

PROFESSOR P. WINTER, a gentleman of rare attainments, and possessing in an eminent degree the faculty of imparting knowledge, announces the opening of an "Academy of Art" in Flushing, for giving instruction in Perspective, Architectural and Machine Drawing; Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Civil Engineering; Anatomy; Physiology; Aesthetics. Also, in the German, French, and English Languages. Professor Winter has been connected with the Flushing Institute for twenty years past, without intermission.

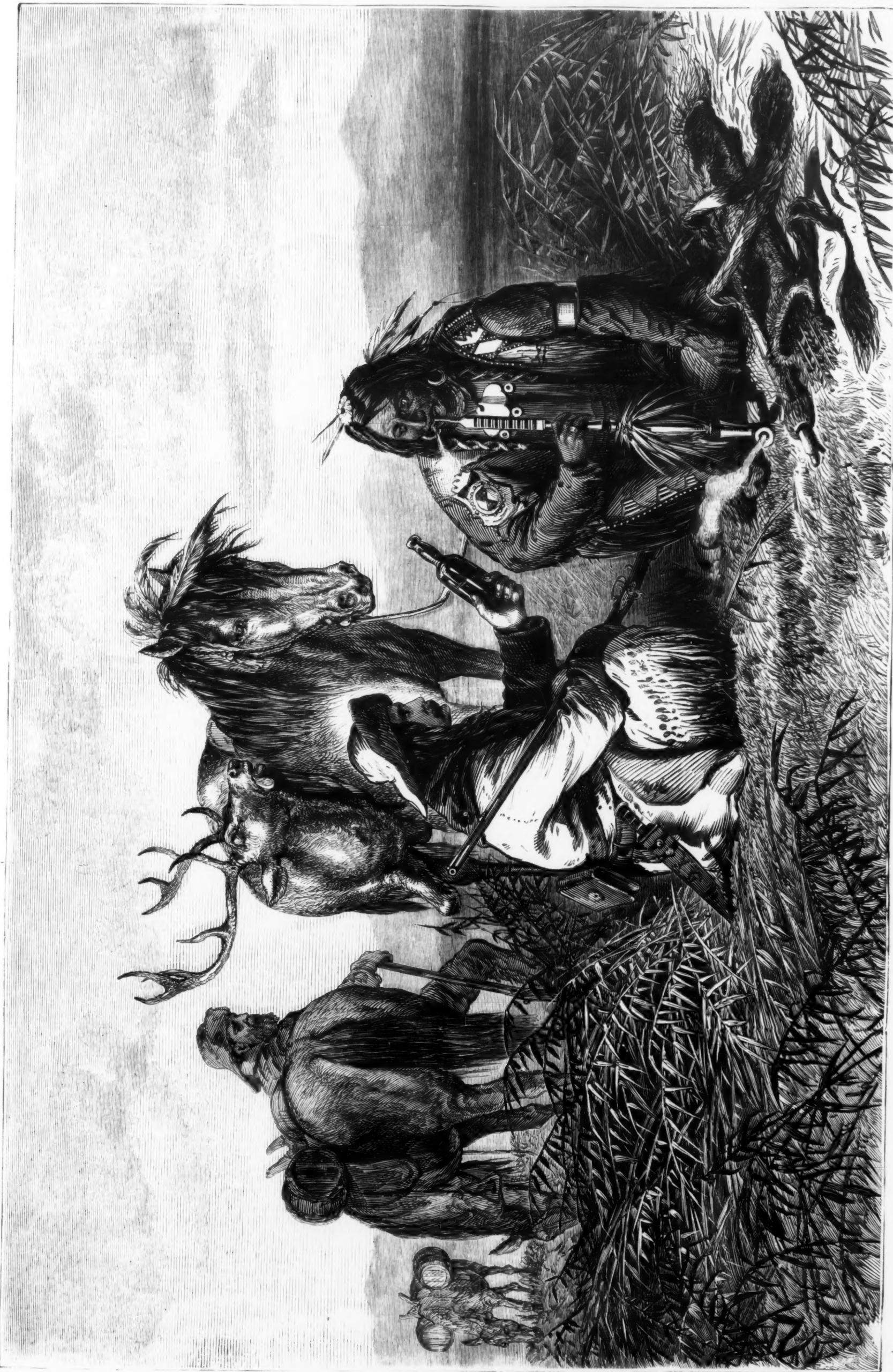
SEVERAL denials of the love affair between Alice Cary and R. W. Griswold have appeared in print; but Dr. Griswold's will, dated 8th August, 1857—he died on the 27th of the same month—may help to settle the question. Two passages run as follows: "Second—I give to the New York Historical Society * * * the portrait of Alice Cary. * * * Also, to my friend, Miss Alice Cary, the bed, bedding, the bedroom furniture, namely, besides what pertains immediately to my bed, the rosewood bureau, and two rosewood chairs, with medallion backs; also, my gold watch."

STILL another interesting item concerning the late venerable Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop and martyr: It appears there is an immense water reservoir at La Roquette which the apothecary of the prison, M. Trenard, caused to be emptied secretly and supplied with a quantity of provisions. He then proposed to the archbishop to conceal himself there, assuring him that his hiding-place would not be discovered. Monseigneur refused firmly, saying to the benevolent M. Trenard, "The good shepherd gives his life for his flock," words used by his predecessor, M. Affre, who fell on a barricade in 1848.

MISS NILSSON's mother, last Spring, while on her way to St. Louis, lost diamonds valued at \$4,000, which fell out of the window of a car on the Iron Mountain Road. The gems were wrapped in a piece of paper. The train was stopped, and search made for them, but they were not found, and the precious stones were put down to the account of profit and loss. On August 30th, the lost diamonds were found at De Soto, near the railroad track, opposite the mansion of the Fletcher family. The finder is the wife of Patrick Flynn, a trackman on the road. The good woman had tethered a calf to a stake, and in his antics he had scraped up the paper of jewels, which she picked up and delivered to an officer of the road. Miss Nilsson was telegraphed to at Newport, R. I., and she sent back word that the finder would receive \$500. The diamonds were at once sent by express to their owner.



NEW YORK CITY.—SATURDAY AT THE HORSE MARKET ON SECOND AVENUE.—1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS. 2. TESTING A HORSE'S STRENGTH BY LOCKING THE WHEEL. 3. THE ACCOMPTNER'S STAND. 4. KILLING UNSALABLE STOCK.—SEE PAGE 29.



TRADING ON THE PLAINS.—A SEDUCTIVE OFFER—THE INDIAN IN DOUBT.—SEE PAGE 23.

NOT BY TENNYSON.

George Stanley was recently hanged in Nevada for shooting a man named Patterson. The following is his confession, in metrical form, which forms a not unpleasant relief to the wearisome sentimentality of average "poems."

COME all young men and boys, where er you may be
Just listen to a story that hapnd to me
My name is George Stanley, the truth I'm going to tell,
I left my father and my mother on 'count of a girl.
I left my father and mother my friends and my home.
O'er hills and o'er mountains all for to go rome.

For it's to go a rovener my mind it was bent
To go to California, was my full intent
I shipped on C. V. Minot to Cross o'er the seas

But to my misfortune got stranded off syrup keys

The next to Alabama our Coree we did steer
I got my discharge after we had got there

Then went to New orleans, and shipped on the Alice Dean

I left her in Caro City, to get to California,
I meant to go by steam

But my money it got short while I was on the way

And to my misfortune I stopped in Iowa
To work for William Patterson, great wages he promised me

If to stay the winter with him I would agree.

I listened to his words, took him for a friend
But in the s ring he tried, my life for to end

For he swore he'd have my life at some future time

I then bought me a pistol, my life to defend
And swore if he attack me, his life I would end

Then I tried all for to shun him in every way I could

For I did not wish to stain my hands with any human blood

But alas! to my misfortune, one day we did meet

And there he pounced upon me which caused my blood to heat

He fired off his pistol as quick as he could shoot

And as soon as I was able I answered his saloot.

I then tried to rush by him, to effect an escape
But in trying for to do it, his life I did take

Then through fear and excitement, from there I did flee

On account of the trouble, we'd had previously But I made up my mind, the truth I'd not deny

And for the same deed, I am condemned to die.

So come all young men and boys, take warning now by me

And never let a woman, rule your destiny
Be careful what you're doing, and likewise what you say

For it's by loving of a woman, that fetched me out this way

It's try to live up to the laws of God, as well as of the land

For it's better to die by an enemy's shot than on the gallows hanged

So always try to do what's right, and from temptation flee
And shun false harted women, for they have ruined me

For their hearts they are like pleasure boats that ofttimes tempt the sea

They'll lead you out upon an ocean, and at the first cloud they will flee

They'll leave you there in sad despair, engulfed all for to be

They'll lead you to destruction, if from them you don't flee

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

WHAT a glorious thing it is to have a holl-day! a little allotment of time all your own, upon which you need pay duty to no man living, and within the compass of which, if you be a scholar, no one can plague you about the date of the Hegira, or the "exact political significance" of the Licinian Rogations; nor any shock fall upon you, if you be a man of business, from alarming telegrams respecting the fall of Utopian Consuls, or the "unhealthy depression" of the Cloudland-Atlantic Grand Central Railway. Surely, there is no one living who does not appreciate such a farlough, from the fourth-form boy who over-eats himself at Warwick or Kenilworth on the half-yearly holl-day, damped only by the horrid recollection that work begins again next day, up to the wearied merchant-prince who follows out his doctor's prescription of "complete change of scene" by making Rome or Switzerland as like London as possible for two months every year.

Somewhat after this fashion (had I felt inclined) I might have soliloquised, as I sat looking down upon the good town of Heidelberg from the terrace of the "Molken-Kur"—a little wooden auberge perched upon a projecting bluff, in which a few *sor-diant* invalids play at curing themselves by eating the greatest possible amount of curds and whey. And, certainly, the scene before me deserved more than passing glance. Above, rose the green, sloping crest of the Königstuhl, with all its waving woods, upon which the fading sunshine lingered lovingly; all around lay the leafy hill-sides, between which, like a thread of gold, glittered the winding stream of the Neckar; immediately below me lay the narrow streets and tall, grim houses of the quaint little town, above which the vast red towers of the castle stood out in the glow of sunset like pillars of fire; and far out in the plain beyond, breaking with its shining curves the monotony of the vast green level, I could just descry the broad, smooth flow of the parent Rhine.

But at this moment my reflections are broken in a sufficiently unromantic way by the concussion of a huge steeple-crowned hat, which, driven by the wind, ricochets off my shoulder, and is just rolling over the brow of the hill, when I spring forward and clutch it. Turning to look for the owner, I find myself face to face with a quiet, pleasant-looking old gentleman in frilled shirt and black silk stockings, the very image of the Glass Dwarf in Wilhelm Hauff's "Kalten Herz"; evidently a man of some note, by the respect with which the *habitues* make way for him.

"Many thanks, mein Herr!" says the old man, as I restore his errant head-gear. "I'm not quite so supple now as I was when I took a prize at the Freyberg Volksfest, forty-three years ago, before I even thought of becoming a professor. It's only you English who can keep up your training for ever."

"How did you guess that I was an Englishman?" ask I, somewhat surprised; for, indeed, with a beard like a pasha's, and a face bronzed by the sun of Egypt and Syria, my appearance is anything but Anglo-Saxon.

"No one but an Englishman would have caught that hat as you did," answered the professor with a little chuckling laugh; "it's just in their nature to jump up and run after anything that passes. Ah! if you English would only employ your irrepressible energies in the cause of science, what might you not achieve? But, no! you do not care to learn."

"Do us the justice to believe, Herr Professor, that the nation which produced Bacon and Newton has still some reverence for science."

"They were mighty men," replies the old gentleman, with a reverential bend of his gray head; "but I am speaking of the nation at large, not of a few exceptional celebrities. Ach Himmell! what a set they are, those English! A fine life they led me when I first began to practice medicine, down yonder in Saxony. The first thing in the morning, kling! kling! at my door. 'What is it?' An Englishman, who has broken his leg in trying to climb the Teufels-horn, which no one ever ascended yet; I set the Herr Engländer's leg, and leave him pretty comfortable. Not half an hour later, kling! kling! again. 'What now?' An Englishman, who has been half-drowned in swimming across the Elbe against the current for a wager! I roll the Herr Engländer in warm blankets and bring him round. Before I have well settled into my chair again, 'kling! kling!' once more. 'Mein Gott! what's the matter?' An Englishman, who has tried to run twelve miles within the hour, because some one said he couldn't, and has broken down under the strain.' Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it—but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason! There is but one man in England whom I can truly reverence, and his name is Herr Carlyle!"

"Mr. Carlyle! why, he's an old friend of mine! I saw him the last time I was in England. I'm glad you admire him."

"Did you, mein Herr? did you really?" says the old man, with unmistakable interest. "Tell me all about him, I beseech you; he is a great man—worthy to have been born a German!"

And for nearly twenty minutes we sit in judgment upon the biographer of Frederick the Great, till the strokes of seven, booming from the town below, warn the professor that it is time to be going home.

"You must come with me, mein Herr," says he, rising from his seat; "no excuses, I beg of you. It shall never be said that Justus Weissenbart met with a friend of the Herr Carlyle without making him welcome; and, besides, I've got something to show you which I think will interest you."

The old man's hearty manner was not to be resisted; and, a quarter of an hour later, I stood before the door of a tall, grim-looking stone house at the corner of the Markt-Platz, the curiously carved front of which showed that it had seen more than one century. But if its outside was stern and unpromising, its inside was comfortable in the highest degree; and so I thought when I found myself seated over a substantial German supper in the professor's little snugger, and heard the old gentleman's cheery voice bidding me to "fall to and spare nothing."

While eating, I found time to glance round the room, which (save for its antique furniture and heavy cross-beams of dark oak) differed but little from the countless other laboratories that I had seen in various towns of Southern Germany; but one object arrested my attention—a human skeleton planted upright in a corner, presenting a pistol menacingly with its fleshless hand. The professor noticed the direction of my eyes, and smiled significantly.

"That's the curiosity I was speaking of," said he; "it has a history of its own, which is worth hearing. When we have finished supper, I'll tell it you."

And accordingly, as soon as our meal was ended, Herr Weissenbart settled himself comfortably in his great easy-chair, lighted an enormous German pipe, which the most seasoned "fox" in the University would have found it hard to smoke out, and began as follows:

"At the time that I bought this house, mein Herr, I had just entered upon the happiest period of my whole life. I had at length attained the modest competence for which I had long labored in vain; and could say to myself, when I sat down in my easy-chair in the evening, and lit my pipe, 'Now, Justus Weissenbart, thou hast done all that the earthly and corporeal part of thee demands for its sustenance; henceforth thou art free to serve the cause of science, and, it may be, even to add a little grain of knowledge to the sum of human learning.' I went to work with all earnestness. I filled my house with rare plants, rare fossils, rare minerals. I paid high for curiosities of every kind. Once I gave a handful of thalers for the carcass of a donkey, which exhibited a singular malformation of the spinal column. Its dissection led me to one of the most interesting dis-

coveries which I have ever made. Ah, mein Herr! you, who are a man of amusement and adventure, cannot fathom the delight I felt in cutting up that glorious donkey! But once before in my whole life did I experience the same pleasure, and that was when I was called in, a little while after I first came here, to treat a patient whose case exhibited some very unusual and perplexing symptoms. I examined him; I reflected; the truth flashed upon me. I flung my hat on the ground, and, embracing the sick man with rapture, cried out. 'I congratulate you, mein friend! you have rev'd a disease which has been unknown for the last six centuries!'"

The idea of such consolation administered to an invalid was too much for my gravity. In spite of all my efforts to control myself, I laughed till I was fairly exhausted; and Herr Weissenbart very good-humoredly joined in the merriment, though evidently without the least suspicion of having given any cause for it.

"Well, mein lieber Herr," he continued, "you will doubtless have remarked it as a singular law of nature, that whenever a man lives all by himself, in a particularly old and shabby-looking house, he invariably acquires the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps my paying so high for fossils and skeletons gave some color to the myth in my case; but at any rate I was soon known in Heidelberg as 'the rich Professor Weissenbart,' and my friends began to warn me that if I did not take care, I might some day chance to get robbed."

"Now, at that time I had but one servant, who had been with me many years, and was beginning to get old and feeble. Every one said that he was not enough to take care of the house by himself, and that I'd better have a younger man to help him; but I didn't like to vex poor old Johann by seeming to think him past work, so I just let things go on as they were. He was a capital servant, and did his work as well as man could do; but he had one failing. Every now and then, when the chance offered, he would—a significant gesture of the professor's hand, as if lifting a glass to his lips, completed the sentence.

"H'm! rather a bad fault in a man upon whom the safety of the house depended," observed I.

"So I thought," answered the professor;

"and more than once I doubted whether it might not be as well to take my friends' advice after all, and engage a second servant. But I kept putting it off and putting it off, till at last I got punished for my hesitation, as you shall hear.

"One night I had sent Johann out to do some marketing, and was expecting him back every minute. As a rule, whenever he went abroad, he took the house-key (of which I had a duplicate) along with him; so that nobody could get in till he came back, unless I chose to let them. He was very punctual on the whole; but this time, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and there was no sign of him. I began to fear that he might have taken a glass too much, as he sometimes did; and was just thinking of going to look after him, when all at once I heard, far down below, a noise as if the house-door had been suddenly opened and shut again, and then a step coming up the stairs right toward my door. I have a quick ear of my own, and it struck me directly that the tread was firmer and heavier than old Johann's. I guessed at once that there had been foul play somewhere, and for a moment I thought of locking my door and calling for help through the window; but, on second thoughts, I decided that it would be better to let the intruder (whoever he might be) come right up to me, and to see what he really wanted."

I looked at the professor with involuntary admiration. To hear this little, delicate, benevolent-looking old gentleman talking so coolly of deliberately allowing a robber (perhaps more than one) to march right into his room at night, without stirring a step to give the alarm, simply because he "thought it better to see what he wanted"—had a really heroic flavor about it; and I bent eagerly forward to hear the sequel of the adventure.

"The door opened," pursued my friend, "and in came a tall burly fellow, with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. The moment he was in, he locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket, and came forward to the table where I was sitting.

"Now, my old 'un," said he with a chuckle, "we've got the house all to ourselves. Your servant's lying fast asleep under the club-room table at the Thirsty Fox. Drugged beer's a fine thing to make a man sleep sound, and he won't wake much before to-morrow morning. In the meantime, out with your money, or you're a dead man!"

"He cocked his pistol as he spoke, and leveled it at my forehead.

"You will think, mein Herr, that I must have been frightened; but, strange as it may seem, I was not. Had I met this man in the street, or out in the open country, he would have been on his own ground; but here, within the walls of my laboratory, he was on mine. He came to me in the guise of a new experiment, and I felt him in my power. Before he had done speaking, I had tried him in my own mind, condemned him, and sentenced him to death."

Soft and pleasant as the old man's voice was, there was a hard metallic ring in it just then, and an ominous compression of the small delicate mouth, which showed me, for the first time, what this quiet good-humored scholar might be capable of doing. In truth, the cruelty of passion or revenge is as nothing to that of science. Parrhasius crucifying his slave in order to gain a more vivid idea of the sufferings which he painted—Michael Angelo studying with cool analytical keenness the loathsome minutiae of the plague-hospitals—Dr. Le Cat keeping horses and dogs alive for weeks under his scalpel, only to inflict upon them more varied and complicated tortures—such examples are terribly suggestive; and I

could not help thinking that had I been a robber, I should have been very loth to entrust myself to the tender mercies of my friend the professor, supposing his power of destruction to be commensurate with his will. After a pause, he resumed:

"Well, I can't resist you," said I to the robber, assuming a look of terror such as I had not worn since I went up for my first examination as a candidate at Jena. "I'll give you all I have, and when you have taken it, I hope you'll be satisfied and do me no further injury."

"Oh, I'll be satisfied when I touch the money, never fear, old boy!" answered he with a laugh. "Come, out with it, quick!"

"I's in that bureau yonder," replied I, throwing a key on the table. "Help yourself!"

"I need not tell you, mein Herr, that in the whole bureau there was not a single *pianoforte*; but he went toward it to unlock it, which was all I wanted."

"Ah! you wanted to get a chance of striking him from behind, I suppose?" said I, secretly marvelling at the strategic ability of this pacific man of letters.

"Mein lieber Herr!" returned the professor with an air of grand contempt, suggestive of Socrates' "setting down" Protagoras, "science does not fight with such coarse material means as those. I have told you that I regarded this man in the light of an experiment, and I acted accordingly. If you wish to know what was my real object in sending him to the bureau, step forward and press your heel upon that little knob in the floor."

I obeyed, and was not a little startled when a good square yard of the flooring immediately in front of the bureau gave way with a loud, whirring noise, disclosing a black chasm of unknown depth, from which arose the hoarse gurgle of running water.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" faltered I, glancing from the ghastly abyss below to the benevolent face of the *savant*, which looked milder and more benevolent than ever.

"Precisely so," answered the professor with a genial smile, and rubbing his little fat hands gleefully. "That's the Neckar which you hear grumbling down yonder; but there was a good yard of dry pavement beside it for him to fall upon, and it sufficed. Unhappily, the fall necessarily occasioned certain injuries to his anatomical structure, which, however, my humble knowledge of surgery has, as you see, enabled me to repair." (And he pointed to the pistol-bearing skeleton with a complacent air.) "Why do you look so shocked, my friend? It was a fair trial of skill against strength! He, the man of brute force, attempted to entrap me, the man of science—and he was caught in his own trap! Fill your glass, my friend!" cried the professor, enthusiastically—"fill your glass, and let us drink to the great scientific movement which has made Europe the first quarter of the world, and Germany the first country in Europe!"

I filled my glass, though I did not drink, but made some excuse, and gladly left the house.

THE ASSYRIAN GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, LL.D.

PERHAPS the most remarkable portion of the treasures of ancient art contained in the British Museum are those exhibited in the Assyrian galleries. From an artistic point of view, the remains of Assyrian art are by no means so remarkable as the Egyptian. They do not share with the Egyptian that delicacy of treatment, that truth and grandeur, that architectural repose, which characterize the Egyptian sculpture.

Heavier and coarser in treatment, their interest is rather historical than artistic. The ideal of the human form is compressed and muscular. The detail, minute both in circumstance and treatment, are by no means of a beautiful finish; but there is a certain force and vigor, pictorial treatment, and historical representation, which replaces the noble ideal of art. Here are the contemporaries of the kings of Judah and Israel, the haughty Asiatic conquerors, who invaded and trod down, amidst their conquests of Central Asia, the unhappy land of Palestine, and finally, under their Babylonian successors, carried into captivity the house of Israel.

As the art of the Assyrians is the great vignette of the Old Testament, so the language and literature of the cuneiform inscriptions is its best expositor—older than the Talmud—as old as the Pentateuch. Strange forms, such as Daniel saw in dreams and Ezekiel in visions, are presented, wrought in stone, to the eye of the spectator, as he passes down the Assyrian galleries. Sennacherib is there; Esar-haddon is there; Shalmaneser is there; so are Pul and Seniramis—all "done in stone"—while Nebuchadnezzar has contributed bricks and gems, as at the "Old World's show," to attract the attention of the observer, and put in a claim for applause or reward. The collection in the British Museum comprises the remains of two great monarchies—the Assyrian and the Babylonian—the oldest extant objects of Babylon which have been handed down, and can be identified, being bricks of Urukh, a Chaldean sovereign, who is supposed to have reigned B.C. 2200. From his date to that of the Greek monarchs of Syria, who reigned B.C. 149, a series more or less complete has been found; but the occasional conquest of one nation by the other, and the fact that only a small portion of Babylonia and Assyria has been explored, leaves considerable chaoses in the historical series. The Assyrian monuments reach a less remote period. They come from Kurkh, at the head-waters of the Tigris, as the most northern site; from Sherif-Khan, or Dar-Bizl; from Khorsabad, the ancient Dur-Sargina; from Kouyunjik, the ancient Nineveh; Nîrroud, the Biblical Calah; and from Kalah-Sheri at, or the "City" of Asshur, the most southern site.

The Assyrian monuments are not arranged chronologically. Arriving at different periods, they have been disposed as space at each time was available for their reception; and their arrangement is, therefore, not strictly according to age, although, as far as possible, antiquities from the same site have been placed together. Some difficulty also arose from the different sizes of the monuments, the colossal bulls and larger statues requiring them to be located in the lower galleries; while three long and narrow apartments, running at the side and parallel to the great Egyptian galleries, contain the larger portion of the collections. These galleries are three hundred feet long by fifteen feet wide, and twelve feet six inches high. They are lighted by skylights, and in them are table-cases of oak with glass tops for the exhibition of objects, and drawers for the holding of such other specimens as are not required for that purpose. The objects arranged for public exhibition are mostly labeled with descriptive accounts of their character, age, and of the locality where found, and are disposed according to classes—the bas-reliefs placed against the walls, the statues and monoliths on pedestals in the rooms, and the smaller specimens according to the material of which they are made or the class to which they belong.

Previous to entering on a description of some of the most remarkable, it is necessary to cast a glance at the language and literature of the Assyrians. The Assyrians appear to have come from Babylonia, and conquered the country from a race already in possession, who spoke a totally distinct language, to which the name of Arcadian has been applied. The language of the Arcadians belonged to the Turanian or Median family, like the modern Turkish or Tartar, while the Assyrians spoke a Semitic tongue, allied with some Aryan inflections, and with many Arcadian words introduced into their language as time went on. Originally, the script or writing was pictorial, but soon assumed a modification, being written in a conventional form by wedges or arrow-headed lines, disposed vertically, horizontally, and obliquely, so as to form squared and compact characters, adapted for the purposes of ordinary life. This form of character, adopted from the Babylonians, continued from B.C. 2200 to B.C. 149, with different modifications. No less than six languages written in cuneiform characters are known. The characters themselves represented sounds or ideas, and principally, when used for sounds, syllables. The number employed was about 400, and they were a cumbersome and difficult mode of writing, embarrassed by another difficulty, that the same character often had different sounds, as many sometimes as six distinct syllables for which it might be used. No other language, except the Japanese, has such a peculiarity; and as many of the characters, especially the names of gods, are a series of monograms or ciphers, the decipherment and interpretation of the language has been attended with difficulties greater than usually present themselves to the student.

It is, however, owing to the continuous labors of Sir H. Rawlinson, Hincks, Oppert, Smith, and others, that the great problem of the history, chronology, and the principal events of the life of the extinct Assyrian nation have been worked out. The history of the Assyrians may be thus epitomized: About B.C. 1500, a monarch named Bil-pashu founded the monarchy. About B.C. 1271, Asshurnazirpal repulsed the invasion of his territory by Nebuchadnezzar I., King of Babylon. In B.C. 1145, Tiglath-pileser I. conquered Babylon. In B.C. 1075, Samsi-Adad II. rebuilt the temple of Assur at Nineveh. He was succeeded by some monarchs of whom little is known, till Asshurnazirpal, who built the palace of Nimroud between 883-859, B.C., whence many of the bas-reliefs in the collection of the British Museum have been taken. His son and successor, Shalmaneser II., who reigned from B.C. 858-823, invaded Babylon and warred against Ben-hadad, King of Damascus; Ahab, King of Israel, and the kings of Syria and Arabia, whom he defeated at Karkaa, in Hamath. His successor maintained the splendor and reputation of the nation. Tiglath-pileser II., the monarch mentioned in the Bible, ascended the throne about B.C. 745, one of whose successors, Sargon, who reigned from B.C. 745-722, built the great palace of Khorsabad—the Assyrian Dur-Sargina, erected by Botta, the French consul. Colossal monuments from this palace exist in the Louvre at Paris and in the British Museum. His successor, the celebrated Sennacherib, commenced his reign B.C. 705; in B.C. 701 he made his expedition against Hezekiah, King of Judah; then defeated the Egyptians, and built the palace of Kouyunjik on the site of the ancient Nineveh. It is from this place that the principal monuments of the British Museum, especially the rich archives of upward of 20,000 fragments of inscribed Assyrian *terra cotta* tablets, containing historical lists and histories, calendars, prayers, contracts, petitions and other documents, have been procured. Sennacherib reigned several years after his return from Palestine, and was succeeded in B.C. 681 by Esar-haddon. This monarch invaded Egypt by the route of Beyrouth and Pelusium, and placed it, when conquered, under twenty kings, or governors. The Egyptians subsequently revolted, and Thothra drove the Assyrians out, but the successor of Esar-haddon, named Asshurnazirpal, the Greek Sardanapalus, drove Tahrak, or Torhaka, out of Memphis, and conquered ten kings of Cyprus, and Elamite monarchs. Egypt subsequently revolted under Necho, but without success. An Ethiopian monarch, named Urud-mannu, or Rukamen, wrested Thebes from the power of the Assyrian king, and, defeated by Asshurnazirpal, was finally successful in establishing the rule of the Ethiopians over Egypt. That country was finally governed by Psammetichus, who, assisted by Ionian and Carian mercenaries, lent him by Gyges, King of Lydia, finally drove out the Assyrians, and Nineveh fell, about B.C. 605, into the power of the Medes.

Such are the principal revelations of Assyrian history, due to the interpretation of the cuneiform and hieroglyphical inscriptions. They offer the true national history as distinct from those fables handed down by Greek historians, whose authority has been reverentially followed by the scholars of the present century. The palace of Kouyunjik, commenced by Sennacherib, was principally built by Asshurnazirpal, and two of the galleries of the Museum are filled with reliefs and sculptures exhumed from that site by the successive labors of Layard, Rawlinson, Rassam and Loftus. Amidst the treasures of ancient art there discovered, the archive-room of Asshurnazirpal possessed upward of twenty thousand fragments of inscribed documents in *terra cotta*—with inscriptions in the cuneiform character—containing lists, dictionaries and vocabularies; prayers, petitions, observations, sales, historical notices, treatises on omens, and other matters. The most important of these are exhibited in the Kouyunjik gallery, in two glass cases. That which is of greatest interest is the so-called Canon, or list of functionaries who annually held office from B.C. 908 to B.C. 650, and in whose name legal and other documents were dated. Next in importance to them are the *terra cotta* cylinders, with the annals of the conquest of Judea by Sennacherib and the tribute of Hezekiah, and those of Esar-haddon and Asshurnazirpal, recording the history of these monarchs year by year. The legal tablets, with the sale of Phoenician slaves, whose names are written at the sides in Phoenician characters, and the tablets, dated in the eponym, or names of the officers of court, are invaluable as checking the Assyrian chronology, and controlling its synchronisms. The principal sculptures are those of the Nimroud and Kouyunjik galleries. These consist of the bas-reliefs excavated by Mr. Layard in 1847 and 1850, and others afterward obtained from the great mound at Nimroud. The sculptures are bas-reliefs, executed in a flat and coarse style, of a kind of alabaster called the gray marble of Mosul. Some of the slabs are of considerable size, and represent Asshurnazirpal and his court adoring the deities, Bel, Assur, or Nisroch, Dagon and others. The slabs of smaller size, from the northwest edifice, represent a series of historical subjects: the crossing of the Euphrates or Tigris by the Assyrian army, battles and sieges treated in a manner like the decoration of the columns of Trajan and Antoninus. Besides the scenes of war and the camp, other reliefs depict the royal hunts, the successful destruction of lions and bulls, and the return home. From the central and southwestern quarters of the great mound are portions of a palace of Tiglath-pileser II., subsequently transferred by Esar-haddon; and from the southeast side, statues of the god Nebo, dedicated by Pul and Semiramis, who reigned about B.C. 800. A charming small statue of Asshurnazirpal, in a very hard siliceous stone, found in the small temple at Nimroud, is also in the Museum. The sculptures of Nimroud are distinguished by a skein or thread of inscriptions which traverses them throughout, about three feet from the ground, and passes over the dresses of the figures. This inscription is repeated again and again, and contains an account of the exploits of the monarch, the countries over which he ruled, his devotion to the gods, his restoration of the city of Calah, and the erection of the palace there. The other objects from the Nimroud mound are principally the bronze bowls ornamented with figures in *repoussé* work; their subject, the hunts and parks or preserves of the monarch. These bowls were made by the Phoenicians, and were part of the royal plate out of which the monarch drank on his return from the chase. Weights with Phoenician and Assyrian inscriptions, of minas and shekels, with horse-trappings, fittings and armor from the same palace, are also in the galleries. As remarkable are the fragments of carved ivory panels, and other objects in that material, with Phoenician inscriptions and Egyptian hieroglyphs, showing a remarkable fusion of the arts of these races, and probably made like the bowls, either in Phoenicia or by Phoenician workmen, for Assyrian monarchs.

The most remarkable monument obtained by the British Museum from Nimroud is the obelisk of black marble taken from the centre of the mound. It is six feet six inches high, two feet wide, has four steps at the apex, and five rows of bas-reliefs at the sides, with a very long cuneiform inscription. The reliefs represent the tributaries of Shalmaneser II. The tribute of Jehu, of the house of Omri, is the subject of one row, and the Hebrew ambassador licks the dust at the feet of Shalmaneser. Hazael, the contemporary King of Syria, performs, by his deputy, equal homage to the great king. The inscription describes the victories of Shalmaneser year by year for thirty-one years; his conflicts with the rival power of Babylon; his subjection of neighboring States, and the creation in them of altars to the gods of Assyria as proofs of his piety or prowess. Close to the obelisk is an arched tablet of limestone, of the same size, on which the annals are again inscribed, with the additional mention of Ahab, King of Israel. Tiglath-pileser II. also constructed part of Nimroud, and on a portion of slab removed from thence was a mention of Menahem. Still later from the same place are the two statues of Pul and Semiramis, set up about B.C. 800. The Mound of Khorsabad was excavated by Botta, and the finest monuments of that palace adorn the Museum of the Louvre; but two colossal-sized bulls, and accompanying male deities, which formed the lintel of a triumphal arch or doorway of this palace of Sargon, were removed by an English merchant named Hector, and are placed in the Assyrian transept, with other bas-reliefs from that spot. From Kouyunjik, which was founded by Sennacherib, are several bas-reliefs, representing the defeat of Merodach-baladan in South Babylon, the siege of Lachish, the wars with other nations, the building of his palace, the stable, and food of the king, including lo-

custs. Few sculptures, however, of this monarch have been obtained, and his features have been anciently mutilated, apparently owing to some political disturbance. There is a cast of a bas-relief of Esar-haddon, from the ancient Lyceum or Nahr-el-Kelb, by the banks of which Esar-haddon marched to the conquests of Egypt.

The sculptures of Asshurnazirpal, the Greek Sardanapalus, are more numerous, and depict his various campaigns against the Arabs, Syrians, and other nations. The best executed reliefs are the lion-hunts, which are done with great spirit. This monarch did not seek the "lord of the forest" in his domain, but was content to kill the noble animal when liberated from wooden cages, the doors of which were opened by his attendants while his army kept the ring. The fire, truth and spirit of these scenes are unrivaled. The monarch in his chariot, accompanied by his body-guard and driver, shoots or stabs the infuriated beast, and the dying agonies of the wounded animals, vomiting blood, or growling defiance in death, are vividly depicted. There were six different modes of killing the lion, one of which was to seize him by the tail and plunge a dagger into the animal. Asshurnazirpal also hunted stags, the wild goat, and the onager, or wild ass. In some reliefs he is represented as the luxurious Sardanapalus reclining on his downy featherbed, while his queen or favorite sits on a chair at his feet, not allowed to share the royal repose. They are in a bower of vine, enlivened with the songs of birds, cooled by the fans of eunuchs, and gratified by the spectacle of a lion's head hung to the branches of a tree. The smaller remains of Kouyunjik differ from those of Nimroud, and, with the exception of the clay tablets, are less interesting. It is with this monarch that the series of sculptures ceases.

Babylonia, by far the oldest of the two countries, has not yielded any remarkable sculptures, save one or two statues; but two remarkable stones, found in a field near Babylon, of the time of Merodach-adan-apli, B.C. 1120, are alike curious for their reliefs and inscriptions. Smaller things, as the bricks of Uruk, B.C. 2200, the cylindrical seal of his son and successor, Ilgi, and many *terra cotta* cylinders and inscriptions of Nebuchadnezzar, illustrate the Babylonian history. The epoch of the Parthian and Sasanian has also some remains of sculptures and large glazed coffins from Warka. The mounds of Southern Babylonia have, however, been only slightly examined, and their diggings will yield a rich harvest to the future explorer. In the same galleries are exhibited several slabs from the Persian palace of Persepolis, on which are sculptured figures of Xerxes, his soldiers and tributes, in bas-relief. Last of all are the rock inscriptions of Hadji-Abad, in which one inquirer thinks he has discovered the conversion of Sapor to Christianity, but the interpretation is not generally received.

APHASIA.

A CURIOUS, very elaborate and careful book, by Dr. Bateman, of Norwich, (Eng.), on the remarkable disease which doctors now call Aphasia, suggests a great many questions as to the nature of the working of the mind, quite as difficult and curious as any Dr. Bateman discusses in relation to the working of the brain. Most of our readers probably know that aphasia is the general name for a disease, usually, but not, as far as is known, invariably, connected with some serious affection of the brain, which causes those who suffer from it frequently to articulate sounds or words very different from the sounds or words they are aiming at, so that an aphasic lady has been known, for instance, to come forward to meet a guest with a cordial smile and an outstretched hand, and then articulate "Pig!" "Brute!" "Stupid fool!" in place of the words of welcome really expressing the thought in her mind, while in other cases the words articulated when the patient was intending to read aloud turned out simply gibberish. Thus of one patient we read:

"In order to ascertain and place on record the peculiar imperfection of language which he exhibited, Dr. Osborne selected the following sentence from the by-laws of the College of Physicians, viz.: 'It shall be in the power of the College to examine or not to examine any Licentiate, previous to his a mission to a Fellowship, as they shall think fit.' Having requested him to read this aloud, he read as follows: 'An te be what in the mother of the trothotodoo to majorum or that emidrate ein einkrastrat metretre keta totombreidl to ra frontreido ushat kekriseit?'"

—where, as the physician remarked, the patient, though unable to articulate the words and letters before him, did yet articulate combinations of letters and words much more difficult. Again, there is a case registered where a man with this affection lost his way, as one may say, only in relation to a single letter—always substituting *z* for *j*, so that asking (in German) for *Kaffee* (coffee), he appeared to ask for *Kazzee* (sound like *Katze*, cat). Again, another case is given of a gentleman who after a blow on the head lost his knowledge of Greek, and did not appear to have lost anything else. What do these curious cases point to? To this—that injuries to the brain, and especially to the nervous system, are very apt to deprive us, first, of our command of those acquisitions of knowledge which have owed most to laborious efforts of attention, and least to mere routine or unconscious habit. Every one must have noticed how when he begins to think closely of the composition of some word which he may have written a hundred times every day of his life, the word seems to grow unreal and unmeaning to him, till he cannot for his life know how to spell it, or whether it is a real word at all. To regain its naturalness, he must come on it by a side-path—must surprise it, as it were, without having the gaze of his mind fixed full upon it.

CAPLIN.—The caplin supply the best bait for the capture of cod, so long as they are in season. About the 20th of June each year the shoals of caplin make their appearance around our shores. The manner in which the caplin deposits its spawn is one of the most curious circumstances attending its natural history. The male fishes are somewhat larger than the female, and are provided also with a sort of ridge projecting on each side of the backbone, similar to the eaves of a house, in which the female caplin is deficient. The latter, on approaching the beach to deposit its spawn, is attended by two male fishes, who huddle the female between them, until her whole body is concealed under the projecting ridges before-mentioned, and only her head is visible. In this state they run, all three together, with great swiftness upon the sands, when the males, by some inherent power, compress the body of the female between their own, so as to expel the spawn. The three caplins then separate, and paddling with their whole force through the shallow water of the beach, generally succeed in gaining once more the bosom of the deep,

NEWS BREVITIES.

ENCKE'S comet will be due again this autumn.

DALL'S Alaska expedition left San Francisco, August 28th, for the Aleutian Islands.

The peach season has been a pecuniary failure, from superabundance of the fruit commodity.

The Prussians, since the war, have got up a better map of France than France ever had.

FORT SAINT-JULIEN, at Metz, is to be rechristened by its present proprietors, and will henceforth be known as Fort Moltke.

A COLORED clergyman of Maryland struck terror into the hearts of the weaker members of his flock by burying a deceased backslider head-downward.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN boy, aged 11, a son of Edmund Hammond of Bethel, Vt., weighs 195 pounds, and promises, before he reaches manhood, to weigh at least twice as much.

THE Municipality of Rome has voted a sum of 100,000 francs toward the erection of a monument in commemoration of the unification of Italy. A first list of subscriptions has realized 1,050 francs.

NAPOLÉON, unwilling that his exile should completely deprive the poor of Paris of the gifts he was accustomed to make to them on the 15th of August, distributed a large amount of relief in the poorer districts of the city.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers now has 133 divisions or lodges in the United States and Canada. They will hold their eighth annual meeting in Toronto in October. The association has accumulated a fund of \$10,000.

ACCORDING to news from Wick, in Scotland, the catch of herrings during a stated period of four days had been extraordinary. It is computed that 900 boats have landed 50,000,000 herrings, which are valued, when cured, at £100,000.

THE last mail brought very bad news from Banda, the Isle of Spices. Bad weather, which lasted six weeks, has damaged the nutmeg trees enormously. The whole crop fell in an unripe state off the trees. The damage amounts to more than half a million of guilders.

DURING the present year, our Government has received from the Royal Gardens at Kew, London, 1,200 distinct species of seeds and plants, being mainly flower-seeds, intended for experimental purposes at the Botanical Garden, where they have been planted and produced fine results.

AN unhappy resident of Buffalo, who has been long tormented by an offensive odor about his premises, and against whom the health officers had accordingly commenced a suit for maintaining a nuisance, has just discovered that it is caused by a flow of natural gas in his cellar.

"THE Tichborne claimant," says the Manchester *Courier*, "still sojourns at the Victoria Hotel, Liverpool. The efforts of an adventurous theatrical manager to secure his personal patronage for one night, and those of some tradesmen to obtain it for some single article, have proved abortive. His appearance once or twice at a window was lustily cheered."

THE Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association is to hold a series of mass-conventions in every county in the State. Thirty meetings are to be held in Berkshire County alone, and among the speakers announced are Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, Margaret Campbell, Adah C. Bowles, Henry B. Blackwell and Mary Eastmann.

AT the United States Legation in Paris there was lately quite a tragedy. The old French concierge, who has faithfully served the Legation for many years, and was well known to tourist visitors, was found hanging, from a joist to which he had fastened a rope, dead. The cause of the sad tragedy was distress at the marriage of his daughter, whom he loved and could not bear to part with.

DISCOVERIES of the greatest interest have been made recently at the Baths of Caracalla, in Rome. A chamber has been excavated, with the marble basins still in their places, and a fountain in the centre, in which it is proposed to convey the Aqua Marcia. Near the Pantheon, part of the ancient aqueduct which used to convey the Aqua Virgine to the Baths of Agrippa has come to light, and some great discovery is expected near the Forum.

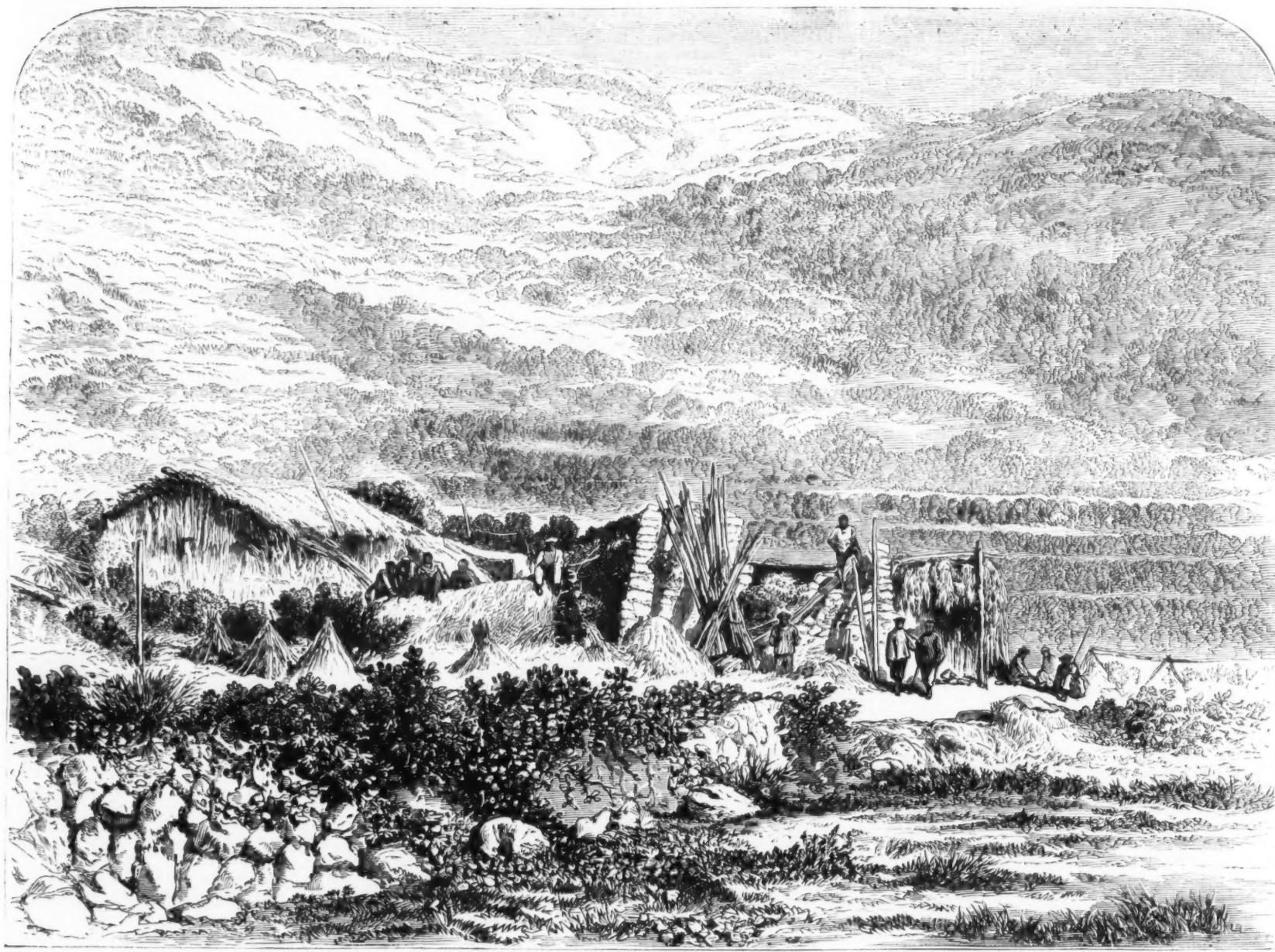
FEW people are aware that Aaron Burr has a son living in Ohio, but such is the fact. His mother was Miss Catherine —, at one time (1800) a well-known Washington belle, who fell beneath the blunders of her Vice-President. "I tried," says this venerable man, "to redeem my birth by fighting for my country in the Florida War; but the odium rankles in my heart, and little does the Government suspect that it pays a pension to the son of Aaron Burr."

CRISPINUS and Crispinianus were companions of St. Quentin, who preached to the Franks in the third century. They supported themselves by making shoes, and thus the connection between St. Crispin and the shoemakers is evident. In the French language *crispin* is a shoemaker's last, *crispine* a fringe, and *crêper* to crisp. A shoemaker's tools used to be called St. Crispin, and in English are called his "kit," an evident liberty with the saint's name. *Crepidule* means shoe-shaped.

A HAIL-STORM passed through Rockingham County, Va., a week or so ago. The hall in many places drifted from five to seven feet deep. Lively Creek was so banked up with half that the fish became frozen and were picked up along the banks in great quantities; but the strangest of all is, that apple-trees in orchards were stripped of all their fruit and leaves, and now have a new foliage heavier than before, and the trees are perfectly white with bloom. One large apple-tree was only partially stripped, and now it is in full bloom, intermixed with large and nearly ripe fruit.

THE mackerel season, thus far, has been a very poor one, so that many of the vessels engaged in this industry will hardly pay expenses unless the Fall fishing should be unusually good. Between 300 and 400 vessels are now out, the greater part of them being collected between Portland and Townsend, on the coast of Maine, while a few are scattered from Block Island to the Bay of Fundy. The catch, during the past two or three weeks, has been from five to ten barrels for each vessel, only a few lucky ones having taken from 50 to 75 barrels. The number of men now in this fleet is about 4,000.

OBSCURE quadragenarians will, doubtless, be glad to hear that, among the quotable celebrities of Europe, the youngest is upward of forty. Madame Milian-Carvalho, the youngest French *prima-donna* who has obtained European fame, is the most juvenile on the list, and she is already forty-one. The youngest, and certainly the most active, of the politicians is Prince Bismarck, who is fifty-six. His late antagonists, M. Jules Favre and M. Adolphe Thiers, are respectively sixty-two and seventy-four; while the veteran Guizot has attained the age of eighty-four. The youngest of the celebrated composers is Offenbach, who is forty-nine; Verdi is fifty-seven; Wagner, fifty-eight; Victor Hugo and Girardin are sixty-nine; the lively Mile Dejazet, who still plays what are technically known as "breeches parts," is seventy-three—which is also the ages of Michelet and Frederic Lemaitre; Marshal Bazaine is sixty; Marshal MacMahon and Garibaldi are sixty-four; General Charneron is sixty-eight.



NORTHERN FORMOSA.—TAM-SUI, TEA-GROWING REGION AT THE FOOT OF THE TATUMO VOLCANIC GROUP, EAST OF TAM-SUL.

"TAI-WAN"—FORMOSA.

BY EDWARD GREY (SUNG-TIE).

As before described, the Island of Formosa bears unmistakable evidence of volcanic origin. This is particularly noticeable in the northern portion, where there are many extinct volcanoes, the steep sides of which are favorite spots for tea-planting. In many places the Chinese have, with great patience and skill, leveled the rugged masses of lava and formed terraces, which they keep covered with earth brought in small baskets, on men's heads, from the plains. The engraving given on this page is a portion of the

"TEA-GROWING REGION,"

at the foot of the Tatomo volcanic group, east of Tam-sui. The tea-plants may be distinguished from the brush by the regularity of their appearance. The brick portion of the native residence is part of an old Dutch fortification, being since rendered useless by the many shocks of earthquake it has undergone. Upon these hills are found an abundance of

Aralia papyrifera, or rice-paper trees, which grow wild. The pith is pared continuously in a longitudinal direction, and the thin sheet so produced moistened and flattened. Camphor-trees abound in this place, but they are also found on the sides of the whole range of mountains which intersect the island. The aborigines hold possession of most of this land, and the Chinese are compelled to make presents to the chiefs of the tribe upon whose ground the trees stand. The wood of this gigantic laurel (*Laurus camphora*) is used for timber, and the chips and leaves are boiled in iron pots along with the gum which runs from the tree. One pot is inverted over the other, and by this rude process is the camphor collected for the market. After a sufficient quantity is collected, it is carried to the town, where it is stored in large vats having escape-holes at the bottom, whence exudes an oil known as camphor-oil, and much prescribed by Chinese doctors for rheumatic diseases. Over three hundred tons of this article are annually produced in the neighborhood of Tam-sui alone. The wood is also an important article of commerce and has increased in value of late years. The hills of

this district are particularly rich in timber, no less than seventy different kinds being known. Many of them are very much sought after by the Chinese for cabinet purposes.

At Fungshao are found extensive wells of rock-oil. It does not in anything but its smell resemble our petroleum, being more like a mineral resin-oil. It has the peculiar quality of expanding and contracting with the heat and cold much more than any other earth-oil. The natives use thi. article for various purposes, and large quantities are exported to China, where it is considered a valuable medicine. The Chinese doctors have great faith in bad-smelling compounds, and a patient treated with this oil smells like a kerosene-lamp. It is generally prescribed for diseases of the skin, but is also often given to women suffering from excessive grief. It is highly probable that the nauseating effect of this remedy distracts the attention of the "troubled one" and causes her to forget her sorrows.

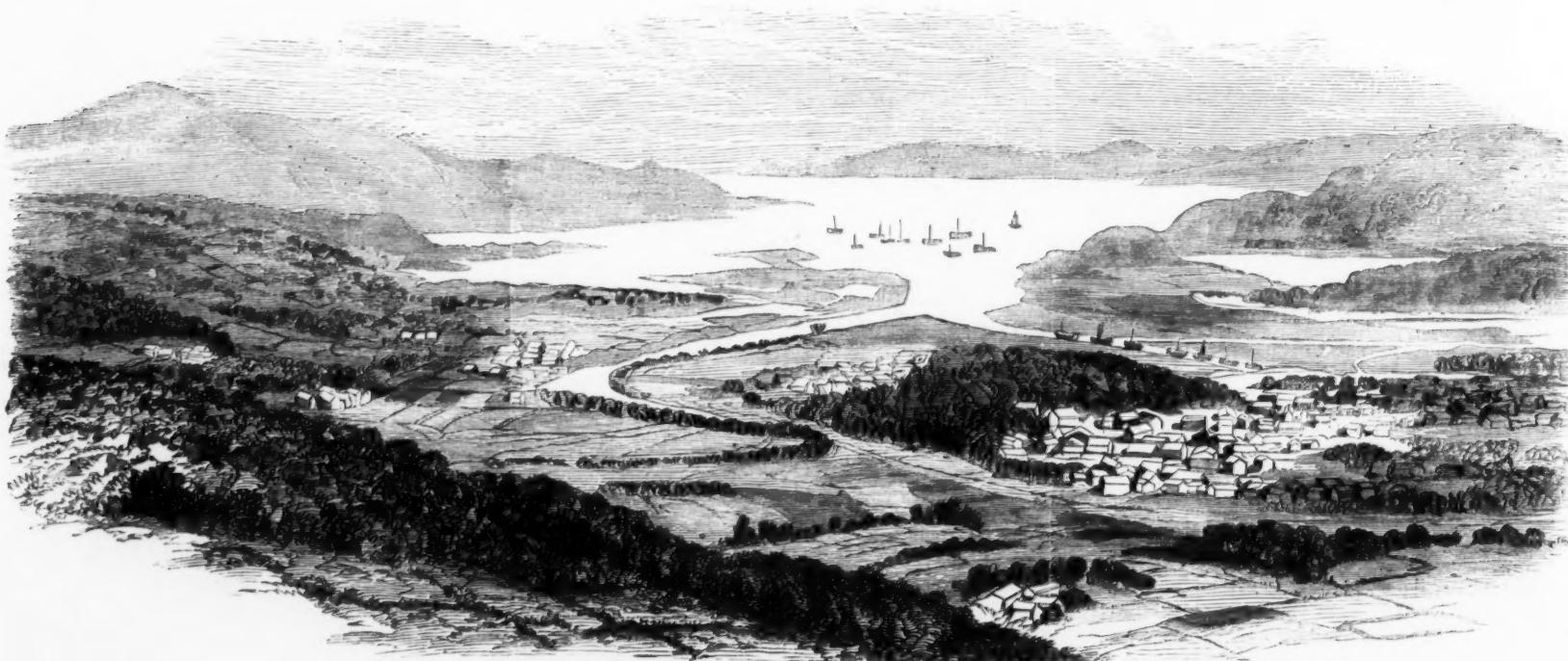
The tea-trade of Formosa is entirely confined to the northern ports, and nearly all the tea grown in this island is exported to the United States or Australia. With the exception of

very poor people, the inhabitants use an imported article, brought from Foo-choo-foo. They give no reason for this, beyond "that they have always done so," from which it may be inferred that custom, more than the superior quality of the Chinese tea, has caused them to overlook their own article. On the next page we give an illustration of the

METHOD OF PREPARING TEA AT TAM-SUI FOR THE AMERICAN MARKET.

This work is generally done by boys and women, who are, in the picture, engaged in sorting the leaves preparatory to their being roasted. The central male figure in the doorway is the proprietor, A-low, who may further be distinguished by his tight trowsers and collared tunic. To his right is a native, who, unlike the Chinese, wears a sort of Malayan turban. The whole party posed for the sketch, and will probably see their portraits, for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER reaches Tam-sui, and is highly appreciated by the Formosians.

Kee-lung, the fourth treaty-port upon this island, lies to the N.E. of Tam-sui. There was



FORMOSA ISLAND.—"TAM-SUL," OR FRESH-WATER-TOWN, CHANG-HWA DISTRICT, NORTHERN FORMOSA.



FORMOSA ISLAND.—PREPARING TEA FOR THE AMERICAN MARKET AT TAM-SUI, NORTHERN FORMOSA.

formerly a Spanish settlement here, but it was subsequently captured and held by the Dutch until they evacuated the island. Kee-lung carries on a large trade with Tong-sang, Chin-chew, Amoy, and the River Min. It is situated on the shores of a bay between the Capes of Foki and Petow, which are about twenty-seven miles apart.

The scenery is totally different from that of the western parts of the island. The coal mines are situated in a bay known to foreigners as Coal Harbor. The coal is a small bituminous mineral, and unsuitable for steamers. Not far from the coal mines is the valley from where the sulphur is obtained. Pools of liquid sulphur are found here, and the whole neighborhood is impregnated with the stench, which is said by the Chinese to be fatal to insect life. Probably the Celestials do not "count in" the fleas, which are almost as lively in this as in any other portion of Tai-wan, and are the greatest torment to man and beast.

At various parts of this sulphur-region jets of hot steam issue from the ground with great force, and at the bottom of the valley runs a small stream so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to be almost insupportable to the olfactory nerves. The natives declare that cholera and fevers are unknown in that part of the island.

With this brief account of Kee-lung, I terminate my description of Tai-wan, which, in addition to its title of Formosa, may justly be termed the most prolific island in the Chinese seas.

THE "OCEAN WAVE" EXPLOSION.

A DISASTER fearfully like the bursting of the *Westfield's* boiler occurred at Mobile, likewise on a Sunday. At 5½ o'clock on the afternoon of August 27th, the low-pressure steamer *Ocean Wave* exploded her boiler at the wharf at Point Clear. There were about 200 excursionists on board, fifty to sixty of whom were killed and wounded. Out of seven persons comprising one creole family, six were killed. The captain, engineer and pilot were killed. Only three of the officers escaped.

The *Mobile Register* has the following account of this disaster:

"The steamer *Ocean Wave* (low pressure) left the city on Sunday morning, with about 200 passengers on board, for an excursion to Fish River, about twenty miles from the city. On the return trip, the boat reached Point Clear at 5 P. M., and was made fast. The band and part of the passengers went ashore, and, after the lapse of half an hour, the whistle was blown and all returned to the boat. They had just got on board, when the boiler exploded with great force, followed by a rumbling, hissing sound, and fragments of the timbers of the boat and metal of the boiler were thrown in every direction. The forward part of the cabin was carried away, and the chimney fell upon the

after-cabin and crushed it. The boat almost immediately sank, and her bow is submerged. The captain, William Eaton, swam for some time with both legs broken. A boat reached him just too late, and he went down. The two

pilots were killed; the firemen were all killed, and the engineer and his wife severely injured. The accident has cast a gloom over the whole city, and universal sadness prevails. The streets are crowded with people and the excite-

ment and feeling is intense. The *Ocean Wave* has been for some time considered an unsafe boat, and has always been an unlucky one. The appearance of the boiler indicated that it had yielded through rottenness, as it had been torn apart in a long seam."

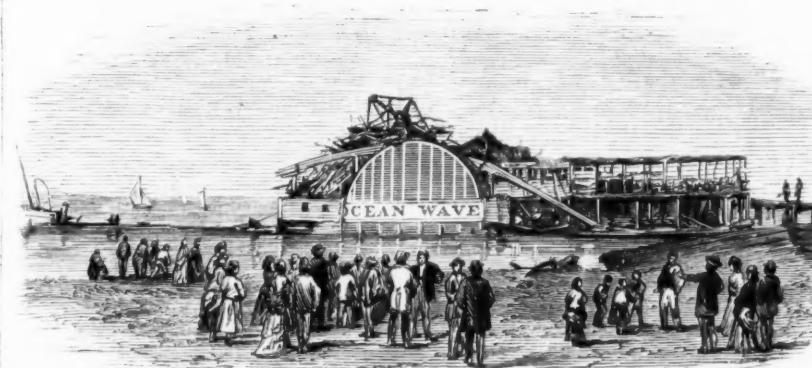
HISTORY OF THE BOAT.

The steamboat *Ocean Wave* was built at Hoboken, N. J., in 1854, and was a low-pressure steamer of 333 76-100 tons register, and was employed as a freight-boat in Mobile Bay, and was also frequently used as an excursion steamer. She was seventeen years old, and was not in a very good condition. The United States Local Inspectors of the Tenth Supervising District have had occasion several times to compel her owners more fully to comply with the steamboat laws. Our pictures exhibit the boat in its present condition, and the shattered portion in another view, showing that the explosive force spent itself in a forward and upward direction.

SATURDAY AT THE HORSE MARKET.

On the block adjoining the Third Avenue Railroad Dépôt is located the horse-market, where the masses congregate to swap steeds of doubtful qualities, of uncertain age, and oftentimes of peculiar make-up and gait. The quadrupeds paraded range in price from twelve shillings to the reputable figure of seventy or eighty dollars; but when such a sum is demanded, the animal must be guaranteed to pull at least a ton on week-days and show a forty gait on Sunday over the Lane. Fred Buckley, an old New Yorker, is the lessee of the ground, and acts in the capacity of master of ceremonies, in which he is most ably assisted by the polite, handsome Billy Baldwin, who is ever on the alert to see that customers receive every possible attention, and even occasionally takes a hand in showing off the peculiar points of some high-strung animal that no one else can manage. The buyers in the main are small farmers from Long Island, New Jersey, and Westchester, on the lookout for bargains in brood mares, licensed venders, small contractors, tinware peddlers, with a slight sprinkling of laboring men, anxious to take one step up the ladder, and establish themselves as proprietors of a horse and cart.

Each seller, as he enters the gate, marches direct to where the proprietor stands, and deposits in his outstretched palm a ten-cent stamp for each and every animal he has then and there on sale. A large portion of these sellers are of the class usually termed professional dealers, who flock to this market to dispose of uncertain stock which they become possessed of in trades with railroad companies and other horse-killing agencies—animals which require an extra dose of ginger to induce them to stand up long enough to show what they had been in former days. Now and then a chance



THE "OCEAN WAVE," AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



MOBILE, ALA.—BURSTING OF THE BOILER ON THE STEAMER "OCEAN WAVE," AUGUST 27TH. THE EXPLODED PORTION.

one is culled from the list which by proper care can be made not only useful but valuable. It is an unspeakable treat to listen as the praises of a horse are intoned. The charm would vanish if attempted by an untutored bungler in the art. The tone, the look, the shrug, the half-unconscious smoothing of the coat, cannot be described. The charm which sells the kicker, the cribber, hides the splint or curb, and turns defects into beauties, can only be felt by direct contact with these much-abused but really gifted members of society. The professional dealer's love for the horse seems so deep-seated that to part with one, even at his own price, appears to wring the fibres of his tender heart. The feeling is so general among the craft that it must be real, and doubtless is communicated in some special manner from the horse to the professional dealer who holds the halter. Men devoid of sentiment call at these exemplary traders, call the horse-thieves and other infamous names. These should visit the gentlemen at their stalls or on change; and, if they have not become too greatly prejudiced, they will soon be melted by the sincerity, suavity and honesty which characterize the men who spend their days and nights in close communion with the horse they love so well.

AN IMPORTANT CARGO.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Alaska* arrived safely at San Francisco on Monday with a remarkable cargo. It was reported by the steamer which preceded her that the *Alaska's* whole space, not of her hold, but her cabin and upper deck-room, was chartered for a cargo of tea. She brought, or was expected to bring, in fact, not less than thirty-five hundred tons of tea from China and Japan. Now, thirty-five hundred tons make a net weight of about two millions of pounds of tea. It is not possible to tell the precise weight, because we do not yet know how much of this enormous cargo was green and how much black and Japan tea; and green tea is from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent heavier than the other qualities. But we may pretty safely reckon that the *Alaska* brought over nearly, if not quite, two millions of pounds of tea; and as the consumption of tea in the United States amounts to about forty-two millions of pounds per annum, it appears that this one steamer has brought into the port of San Francisco one-twentieth, nearly, of our whole annual consumption of this Chinese leaf.

This great and valuable cargo, which a few years ago would have come to us by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and reached us only after a tedious and dangerous voyage, comes now in a few weeks from Hong Kong to San Francisco, and in a few days from that port to New York. At least a considerable part of it is to be sent to this port. Forty-five thousand two hundred and eight packages of tea and two hundred and sixty packages of silk are to come over the Pacific Railroads from San Francisco. The cost in China and Japan of such a cargo as the *Alaska* has brought in was probably not less than eight hundred thousand dollars; it may have reached a million in gold. Its value in this country, including freight, insurance, duties, and exchange, is probably a million and a half in currency. But the *Alaska* has also brought raw silk; and if she carried as much of this as her predecessor in the same line, this would add another half million to the value of her cargo. It is probable that her cargo is the most valuable that has ever been brought by a Pacific mail steamer; and it is a curious evidence of the change which the completion of the trans-continental railroad line has wrought in the commerce of the world, that we should thus receive, in a single vessel, one-twentieth of our whole annual consumption of tea. How long will it be before Western Europe will find it more profitable to buy tea and silk from China and Japan by way of San Francisco and New York, than by way of either Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope?

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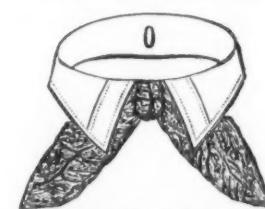
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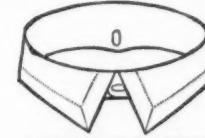
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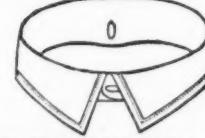
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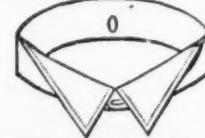
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